

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General

THE utter contempt in which local corporations controlling great franchises hold the city of Toronto has been well exemplified by both the Bell Telephone and the Toronto Railway Companies. The telephone service got so preposterously bad that every subscriber became a consistent and chronic kicker. Such an avalanche of complaint swept down upon the Telephone Company that the manager was forced to explain that new switchboards were being introduced and that the people "must bear with" the company until the improvements were completed. When questioned as to why these new switchboards had not been long ago installed and perfected, the manager admitted that the city had opposed so many of the schemes of the company that the delays had been incidental to waiting for a re-arrangement of relations with the city. Put briefly, the Telephone Company had tried to bully the city in vain, and in reprisal, if not out of financial meanness, let months and years elapse before doing what they long ago should have done to properly earn the money paid to them by subscribers. The Telephone Company is being remembered for this, and when the citizens find an opportunity to give the Telephone Company a shaking up the chance won't be missed.

Now it is the Street Railway Company which, through its president, asks the citizens to endure a little longer the shortage of cars, the failure of power, and the general evidences of contempt for the public which President Mackenzie et al. have so freely and frequently manifested. Led by the "Globe," the press has made a fierce and much-needed onslaught upon Mr. Mackenzie and his company, and now we are promised by the president new boilers and greater power and all that sort of thing, "within a few days" though Mr. Keating, the chief operative push of the concern, is careful to extend the dates over a few weeks. Why should we "bear with" the company's deficiency? The citizen who gets on a car and is lacking the price of a ride is not borne with; he is put off. The company does not "bear with" us at all, but we everlasting have to put up with a service which of late has been positively rotten. Why did the company wait to put in new machinery until at the stormy and festive period of the year obstacles were most numerous and traffic most excessive? Are they to put in plant or leave it out, to put on cars or leave them off, at their own sweet will? Is it enough to put something in the nature of a sufficiency of cars on the lines leading to the residential districts, while forcing west-enders and east-enders to wait or walk? The lines leading to the homes of those who would be influential kickers are best served with cars. The workers of the west end who must ride because they live at such a distance and are weary after their work, are regularly made to wait as if they had no rights and were incapable of either getting angry or catching cold.

Toronto is tired of the perpetual bluff which is put up by corporations who have been entrusted with franchises necessary to the public good. Why should anybody have brass enough to explain that they had not put in the necessary machinery until months and years after such machinery was imperatively demanded by their contracts? It is no explanation at all; it is an insult in the shape of an apology. Who dares try to explain to the policeman that he will clean the snow off his sidewalk next June, or that he has allowed the ice to accumulate on the snow to bank up because he has mislaid his shovel or forgot to buy one last year? The unblushing impudence of these franchises, residents and corporations, is becoming unbearable. They know that the people cannot wreak their vengeance on the telephone lines or the street railway tracks, without enormous inconvenience and loss to themselves, but if the courts are so slow in deciding important questions of public rights versus corporation effrontry, it will be well for some organization to back up the City Engineer in taking the most drastic measures which come within the limits of the law. The Railway Company strings wires and puts out feeders, presumably to borrow power, without saying to the city authorities "good evening" or "go to the devil;" it would be exceedingly appropriate and pleasant to the people of this city if the authorities would use the same sudden and imperative methods in doing business with the company.

CHICAGO is again in a state of something approaching to chaos. Following the strike of the street car men comes that of the Livery Drivers' Union, the Undertakers' Association, and the sympathetic quitting of work by many teamsters and other drivers. Scenes of disorder impossible to parallel in the history of strikes have taken place. Funerals have been attacked by union pickets, and the presence of a corpse or hearses driven by a non-union driver has not prevented shocking affairs in which coffins have been handled almost as if they were scavengers' boxes. So terrorized have the people of Chicago become that burials are not being attempted where bodies can be stored in vaults or secreted in undertakers' shops. Even when death has been caused by a contagious disease the strikers refuse to permit the dead to be taken in peace to be buried, and public health has not only been damaged but is more seriously threatened. The strikers scan the death notices, according to Chicago reports, and watch the houses to which affliction has come in order to prevent the Undertakers' or Livery Owners' Associations from furnishing the conveyances necessary to a funeral. A private ambulance bearing a dying man from the North-Western station to a hospital on the south side was bombarded by union pickets, who threw frozen snowballs at the driver and nearly blinded him, while the frightened horses were only kept from running away by something approaching a miracle. Drivers of private carriages have been seriously beaten by union men. It is only by police protection somewhat tardily afforded that hacks or hearses have made the few trips which have been noticeable. But the Livery Owners' and Undertakers' Associations, even with police protection, will not send out expensive carriages to be smashed by the stones thrown by the strikers, whose only excuse for their disgraceful behavior is that their wages have not been increased from twelve to fourteen dollars a week. Surely this sort of thing will effect its own cure, for public opinion will not long tolerate, even in Chicago, riots about the coffins of the dead—unless carried in hearse with the union label—and over the graves of those who are about to be buried. If the men think their wages are insufficient let them go into some other business rather than try to add to their gains by endangering the lives of the living and making doubly painful the task of those who have to bury their dead. Next thing we may expect to hear is that no corpse will be allowed preparation for burial, carried to the cemetery, or covered with cloths, unless it wears the union label!

IT looks as if Japan and Russia were to have a fight. The Japs are apparently convinced that Russia is jollifying them and playing for time, and popular sentiment is forcing the Japanese Government to take action. Russia, on the other hand, is nagging Japan into a declaration of war with an idea that the sympathy of the Powers will be lost to those making the first belligerent demonstration. If Japan intends to fight the sooner the scrap begins the better, for the little yellow fellows are ready and have shown themselves well able to keep up their end. Great Britain and the United States are the natural allies of Japan, and it looks very much as if Russia would be left alone to either permanently annex Manchuria and Corea or to be beaten back. The prospect of a war is not a pleasant vision, but Japan and China, who will probably be the chief belligerents in the battles with Russia, have millions of population that they can afford to lose and still have their countries well peopled. If Russia has not been maligned she will be much happier dead. This being the case, a carnival of killing carried on so far away from Anglo-Saxon centers will not be as distressing as if civilized people with white skins were engaged in butchering one another.

REAT interest is being manifested in the result of the election in North Renfrew. Probably most of this interest is being manifested outside of a riding where ninety or ninety-five per cent. of those who go to vote hardly understand that there is anything doing beyond the mere elec-

tion of a representative in the Legislature. The other five or ten per cent. will perhaps find their chief interest in making themselves solid with their party in the hope of getting an office or freezing on to some of the five-dollar bills which are expected to be floating around. In contests such as this the outsider looks for great results either one way or the other, while the insider will do about as he has been in the habit of doing. It is hard guessing how the kite will fly, but it is fairly safe to predict that the majority will run into the hundreds no matter which side wins.

A USTRALIA seems to be the political paradise of the Labor Unions and the Ladies. In the past the Labor party had been dominant, but the new Premier did not seem inclined to bend his neck as weekly as did his predecessors. The first Federal Parliament of the Commonwealth was so divided by provincial jealousies that the Labor element, which recognized no geographical boundaries, had pretty much its own way. So acute were the factional jealousies that it was impossible to settle upon a capital generally acceptable, and that matter was left over for the decision of the new House. The general question upon which the parties divided was a fiscal one, the Protectionists and the Free Traders being almost evenly balanced. The Labor party was, and probably is, determined to protect itself to the utmost without any generous regard to any other interests. It had been hoped that the inviting programme of Mr. Chamberlain and the more settled condition of public opinion would have given to one of the old parties a stability greatly needed and sufficient strength to carry on the Government. The result of the election which took place last week has been a disappointment to everyone except the Labor element, and unless the two old parties join together the ultra democratic representatives in both the Assembly and the Senate will be able to seize power by the help of a few Protectionists or Free

turns and caused the woman he had so badly treated to be arrested, together with her second husband, both of them being thrown into jail without a preliminary trial, if the facts are correctly reported. Certainly this is using the law against bigamy with a harshness never calculated by its makers, and unexpected by the great majority, who believe that a husband or wife from whom no tidings has been heard for seven years is legally dead. Where are the politics in this?

A man named Mitchell has just been released from Kingston penitentiary, where he had been incarcerated for the past eight months, serving a seven-year term for criminal assault. He was convicted on the unsupported testimony of the woman in the case, who recently demonstrated most undeniably the looseness of her character by giving birth to a black child. The facts were laid before the Minister of Justice, Mitchell was immediately released. The Minister of Justice is a politician, and the "World" should have him slated!

These two incidents, both of recent date, indicate the difficulty of punishing the bad and protecting the innocent. Regardless, however, of all the difficulties involved in the proper administration of the law, some of our local dailies need but the slightest excuse to attack the judiciary if by any accident some faint of politics creeps into the case. Last Saturday the "World" worked itself into a state of frenzy over the fate of Mrs. Callaghan, the wife of the man sent down for six days for stealing the piano from his employer. Her poverty was depicted, the shame she and her children felt mysteriously pictured, and the whole story made to read like a brutal onslaught made by a heartless Government upon an innocent family in order to neutralize the effect—there really was no effect—of the affidavit that Callaghan had gratuitously made, apparently for the purpose of extorting money or covering up his failure to make good the sum he had taken. The article winds up with the enquiry, "Was Callaghan's crime that of theft or of daring to publish the affidavit criticizing

was nominated, and spilt some more of his tears there! What an unscrupulous mischief-maker the beggar is, to be sure.

N O interest seems to be manifested by the city papers in the local option fight which is waxing warm at Toronto Junction. If it were generally known that the present efforts of our prohibition friends in the neighborhood of this city were but a part of a general plan of campaign, including the submission of a prohibitory by-law in Toronto, more attention would be paid to the preliminary skirmishes. Such a campaign, I am credibly informed, is being begun, and those in favor of it as well as those opposed to it might very well express an opinion in order to prevent, on one hand a small band of enthusiasts creating an unnecessary election turmoil, or on the other hand those guided solely by interest preventing a proper declaration on the part of the electors. Undoubtedly the preponderating vote lies between these two extremes, and is likely to be more sensible and unbiased than either. This large body of electors neither lies awake nights trying to think out a plan to prevent the sale of intoxicants nor to make money out of retaining or increasing the liquor business. They certainly have a right to remain undisturbed, as the majority of them are conscious that everything has been done to restrict as far as is possible the traffic in intoxicants. There is no more chance of a local option law being passed in Toronto than there is of obtaining a majority of the citizens to declare against the continuance of Sunday cars, and the agitators who are preparing for a local option campaign have consequently as little excuse for unnecessarily disturbing public quiet as the Lord's Day Alliance would have for calling the city people out to vote whether or not they should be forced to go afoot on Sunday.

Necessarily the local option law has serious limitations and can in no sense be compared in its efficiency with the Act which was submitted to a provincial plebiscite. At Toronto Junction, supposing the local option law should be endorsed, there is a wholesale liquor store which would continue to do business. If the taverns were closed, two or three or half a dozen men could club together and buy a case of whiskey or a dozen of beer, divide the stuff, and take the liquor home with them. The chances are that the majority of those accustomed to the use of stimulants would do this sort of thing, and would consequently consume much more than had been their ordinary habit. Nothing could prevent the city breweries from sending their wagons to deliver wet goods in the town, and a considerable number of bar-rooms not far from the Junction would have their patronage not only doubled, but quadrupled. Moreover, the Junction is a market town, and if retail liquor selling were stopped and the bars closed the hotels would have to double their prices for food and lodging or go out of business. The consequent damage to the market and business generally would be very great without any corresponding show of reform. Illicit selling would certainly spring up and the opportunities to procure liquor would be perhaps increased rather than diminished, while the temptation of weak men to take on a "load" when opportunity offered would doubtless lead to an increase of enemas.

It is said that the by-law was submitted to by a town council which did not itself believe either welcome or workable, but in obedience to which appeared to be backed up by a considerable vote. In York Township the same motive inspired the submission of the by-law, and all opportunities to make it useless are presented. Of Canada's consume less than one-half than in any other country, and every year the drinking habit falls into greater disrepute and drunkenness becomes more disgraceful. If our temperance friends would only pursue those quiet and sensible measures which have so far succeeded in accomplishing so much good, they would not set communities by the ears, as is done when a vote is insisted upon, which at best can do no more than prove that the man with a hard thurst will get what he desires in spite of by-laws. The greatest good can be done by keeping alive that public opinion which, with greater and greater force, opposes the trade in and the consumption of hard drinks. The failure of each locality to obtain any benefit from a local option law simply intensifies the belief of the majority, standing between the two extremes, that any measures more repressive than those which are already in existence would do harm rather than good to the cause of temperance. In rural communities remote from large centers of population, the abolition of bar-rooms would mean the prevention of some drinking and the doing away with much temptation, but in a railroad town like the Junction, which is a suburb of a large city and has many neighboring taverns and almost unlimited opportunities for the obtaining of liquor, it seems to me that the submission of a local option law is absolutely an absurdity.

A CIRCULAR from J. Howard Hunter, registrar of loan corporations, has been sent to the newspapers notifying them of the cancellation of the charter of the People's Loan and Savings Company. The charter of this company, which had practically expired, appears to have been utilized by a couple of the co-operative home-building associations, who endeavored to get it out of the rain under cover of a new name. The Government has lately been endeavoring to suppress these associations which charge people five dollars to join and two dollars and a half per month with a promise of eventually providing them with a home. The business has furnished large profits for those engaged in promoting it, but few homes, it is said, have been turned over to the subscribers. The province has been altogether too slow in dealing with these financial fakirs. It is said about 2,300 people had put money into the two building concerns which under the new name have been ploughed under. Perhaps thirty or forty per cent. of the investments will be realized, but the hoped-for home won't be. It is all a miserable, sickening evidence of how easily people can be duped, but only those who can realize the disappointment, if not despair, of those who have been looking forward to having a "wee bit house of their own" can properly appreciate the baseness and conscienceless conduct of men who, to make money for themselves, bow down the heads and hearts of the poor with burdens likely to make them shrink from all future attempts at saving up for a rainy day.

E VEN if every calendar were put out of existence, no one could fail to recognize the nearness of Christmas. One of those things which no one in a Christian country is permitted to forget. Those who expect Christmas presents and those who feel that they should give them are perhaps no more keenly aware of the season than those who can neither give nor hope to get a share of what is going. As doubtless the pleasure of giving is greater than that of receiving, so the pain of being unable to give to loved ones is greater than the disappointment of those whose poverty has led them to expect nothing. The joys and jollities of the season are not unmixed, but Canada this year is a land of unusual plenty and the lack of material things should bring grief to but few. Dearth and plenty, however, are alike to those who feel an absence of joy or who are chilled by discontent and disappointment. The best part of the Christmas festivities are family reunions, the meeting of old friends and the thawing out which is insisted upon at least once a year. Yet even in these events there is the saddening touch of Time, for those who meet discover the changes which absence and separation have brought about. How little even those of a family reunion have in common! How their individual interests have become distinct if not opposed! Nevertheless, Christmas is an institution which even the most hardened cynic would be loath to rail against, for if it becomes to a certain extent meaningless except as to the event it commemorates, it is such a bubbling source of joy, such a wellspring of happiness to youth, that all the civilized world is softened and sweetened by its influence. So here's to you all a Merry, Merry Christmas, and may Santa Claus, without exception, be generous to you and yours!

N OTHING of a local nature has been more artistically presented than "Picturesque Trinity" (Morang & Co.), the letterpress of which is by Rev. C. B. Kenrich, M.A., with an introduction by E. B. Osler, M.P. The impulse of the



IN THE HANDS OF ST. NICK.

The most touching event of the Christmas season.

Traders. It is evident that the female voters under the influence of the Labor party all turned out and deposited their ballots, while probably the women belonging to the more leisurely classes did not use their opportunities. Adult suffrage in its widest sense prevailed; every person twenty-one years of age, without distinction of sex, married or single, who had lived in Australia for six months continuously, was entitled to the franchise. Following is the estimated distribution of voters:

	Male.	Female.	Total.
Victoria.....	289,280	296,824	586,104
New South Wales.....	303,755	286,032	589,787
South Australia.....	84,715	80,473	165,188
Queensland.....	124,691	97,409	222,100
Tasmania.....	42,403	37,993	80,396
Western Australia.....	72,843	42,550	115,393
State.....	917,687	641,281	1,558,968

It will be seen that in the State of Victoria the number of women voters exceeds that of men voters by nearly 8,000. Taking Australia as a whole, out of every five voters two are women, and thus women have now a larger and more direct share in public affairs of the Commonwealth than in those of any other civilized State. The result has upset all calculations, though the best newspapers in Australia were very dubious of the effect of the new franchise, which has certainly given a totally new complexion to Australian politics. The Labor element, which is now in control, and is strongly anti-imperialist in its tendencies, strenuously objected to contributions to the Imperial defence fund and to the sending of men to South Africa. The outcome is watched with the greatest possible interest, for if the Labor leaders give full rein to their republican sympathies, refuse to listen to the Chamberlain propositions, and continue to carry matters with a high hand, there will be serious trouble.

In the two Houses the parties stand as follows: In the Senate there are six supporters of the Ministry, while the Opposition has thirteen members, and the Labor party seventeen. In the House the Ministry has twenty-seven supporters, the Opposition twenty-six and the Labor party twenty-nine. This means that Premier Deakin is hopelessly beaten, unless he can effect a coalition with his Free Trade opponents. The outcome will be watched in Canada with a greater interest than has ever been heretofore taken in Australian politics, for Labor dominance means the death-knell of a preference for Canadian goods as well as a set-back for the supporters of Chamberlain's proposition.

NO matter how carefully laws are made, they are sometimes the means of inflicting something which appears like hardship, if not brutality. An Ottawa despatch tells of a woman whose husband deserted her eighteen years ago. For twelve years she waited for his return, and then married again. Six years after her second marriage her husband re-

turned to Callaghan, not to the court. The sorrow of the wife was brought upon her not by the court, but by the misconduct of her husband, and unless she has been very much misguided, in fact, if the report has not been regardless of truth, she must have been posing for the purpose of giving effect to Callaghan's attempt to make his conviction appear like political persecution—at any rate it brought her coal and sympathy, all of which she accepted as her right. The police absolutely deny what the "World" makes her assert, that her husband was handcuffed, stripped, measured, photographed, and his picture placed in the rogues' gallery with those of felons, "even when he had merely been charged with theft, when the law, they told me, still supposed him to be an innocent man." If the police are telling the truth when they say none of these things were done to him either before or after his conviction, the "World" must either stand up and admit an attempt at the dirtiest kind of yellow journalism, or leave Mrs. Callaghan in the light of wildly asserting what was untrue. The reporter in defending what was published tells about what the police told him: he forgets that Mrs. Callaghan was the one to make the charge; the reporter and Mrs. C. are, apparently, for declamation's sake, one and the same.

Is the community to be made any better by trying to whitewash a convicted criminal with the tears of his wife, or by an attempt to create sympathy for him by false claims of ill-treatment by the police? When a paper like the "World" charges the Government with the petty malice of pursuing a man who has made an affidavit, it should certainly keep its statements within the limit of what can be proved to be true, rather than, as in the present instance, raising a wild cry to attract the attention of the public to what has been at once demonstrated as the absolute falsehood of its own assertions or those made by one whom it would endeavor to make conspicuous as an object of sympathy. Those responsible for getting Callaghan into the affidavit business, as the "Telegram" has pointed out, are largely responsible for his unhappy situation, and it seems to me that the "World" is responsible for opening up the domestic life of Callaghan's family, and for putting into a very false and serious light a woman who was no doubt quite distracted by grief. Everything points to the prudence of people minding their own business and accepting the verdict of the court in a matter of theft as the result merely of the theft and not as an outcome of political spite. Not satisfied with his newspaper's guff, "Billy" Maclean seems to have taken the case into the Conservative convention where he

book, it is to be hoped, is not in any sense reminiscent of or to commemorate that which is liable to pass away. The scenes pictured in the half-score magnificent engravings of Trinity and its surroundings will doubtless remain unchanged, except by time, to gladden the eyes of the friends of that much revered institution.

Social and Personal.

The poudre ball, most romantic and picturesque of public dances, has come and gone, leaving the prettiest memory with us, absolutely unspoiled by any lacking of environment and luxury. The women were simply adorable in the regulation coiffure and the fetching touch of make-up which added tone to the loveliest face under its quaint white thatch. The belledom should, I fancy, go to a certain divinely tall Aberronian who, handsome in her natural chevelure of red gold hair and a matchless Scottish complexion, was a revelation of the added charm of the snowy coiffure, the pencilled brows and the cunning little "patches." "There were others," it is true, and they each had scores of admirers who were ready to stake their good taste on their belledom. Little poudres in dozens, piquant, laughing, mischievous, like the little maid from Derwent Lodge; slim, tall poudres mother and daughters from Queen's Park; radiant, sumptuously gowned poudres from New York, no less, a trio of sweet women whom to meet was worth the whole ball, and their Toronto hostess, beaming in her lovely brocaded robe, en princesse, and her bright face framed in the most fetching of the many pretty coiffures. There were poudres who looked ten or twenty years less than they are, so bewitching is the work of the powder puff and the quaint headdress of lang syne; and there were infantile ones of the very shiest of the season's bouquet under magnificent Pompadour and Watteau heads. The fair debutantes from Hamilton turned up, each looking her best, and Mrs. Crerar chaperoned her daughter, while Mrs. Hay of Strathearn took care of her sister, the two matrons being quite magnificent in gowns and carriage. The lady of Closeburn, in velvet and a blaze of jewels, her coiffure poudre and her face full of the reflected pleasure of her friends and admirers, held a little court in the promenade corridor. The queen of the ball, said one courteously old chap. From Government House came His Honor, the Misses Clark, Commander Law and Mr. Magee, A.D.C., the Lieutenant-Governor going about through the crowds of guests with a kindly greeting to such as he could recognize, for one of the charms of a poudre ball is the frequency with which one has to exclaim, "Why, is that you? I really didn't know you!" There were many greetings to Dr. and Mrs. Vivian of Barrie, who came down for the dance, Mrs. Vivian looking most captivating. Two young English sojourners in town, Miss Harston and Miss Doherty, were very pretty in their poudre. Miss Begg of Scotland was also a belle. Miss Edith VanderSmussen has the dainty features which seem best to suit the coiffure of the days of old, and she looked exceedingly nice at the hall. Miss Louie Janes wore a pretty frock and a large round "pomp" poudre, over which was fastened a pale blue twist of ribbon tied with streaming ends on one side, a reproduction of a well-known picture. Mrs. Henry Osborne was a Marie Antoinette with soft curls, and black velvet necklace, and a lovely white and silver dress. The two women upon whom the brunt of the arrangements fell for this ball were Mrs. J. I. Davidson and Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, and it must be a keen satisfaction to them to have had it turn out so splendid a success, especially as they worked like Trojans to that end. Some of the men came in uniform. The Master came in full dress "pink," with black satin breeches and "buckled shoon," and looked quite stunning. Mr. P. D. Crerar was in a full-dress Hielan' suit, and several of the officers of the 48th came in regimental full dress. There was quite a turn-out from St. James' Barracks. Colonel and Mrs. Buchan, Captain Le Duc, Captain McMillan, Captain Lum and Mr. Douglas Young making the record good for the jolly military depot. The New York ladies, Mrs. Ellsworth, Mrs. Bois-vaux and Mrs. Magee, were squired by Mr. Ellsworth, and greatly admired, as they well deserved to be. The dining room tapestried and marble pillared, was the most sumptuous ball-room for such a function, and the beautiful hall, centered by a huge round table crowned with

deep red roses in an immense basket, was the supper-room. Too much cannot be said of the hotel service, the waiters being excellent and the light dainties which were served instead of the usual solid supper being ample and most inviting. Every time I am at a dance at the King Edward I breathe a "gracias" to kind fate that I am not blown about with draughts, trampled and hustled in the dressing-room, frozen waiting for carriage, grimed and smeared with dust, torn with rough boards and sharp nails, and artistically insulted with crude drapery and awful designs in decoration as I used to be in the rare old, fair old Pavilion days! For the first time the bal poudre has had a proper setting, and needless to say, has distinguished itself as quite the prettiest and most charming of the dances we can patronize here. The luxury of elegant and cosy and plenteous accommodation for the dainty belles to prink themselves, of seductive coiffure fauteuils, berceuses, and every other device of reposeful chair and sofa, acres of promenade room, dozens of tête-à-tête corners (by the way, there was a screen in the yellow drawing room that shadowed one couple for ever—but never mind! lots of people had stop-watches set on that screen!) the many lovely artistic things to admire in the King Edward—all these make a dance in its precincts a luxury which our people will only appreciate by force of contrast with the conditions of one short season ago!

The poudre ball was responsible for the collapse of one innocent critic, or rather "contraster," who has found out that comparisons are indeed odious. He was dancing with a poudre whose disguise had puzzled him but whom he knew, and chanced an inspiration of recognition while they danced. Don't laugh, my reader, he was not the only man who asked for a dance from a bowing friend but hadn't the least idea "which one" she was. So they danced and praised the ball. "Such a contrast to the—'s dance. It was no good at all," joyously proclaimed the frisking critic. Don't ask me how he found out he was dancing with the hostess of that other dance, but he was, and he had a bad five minutes in consequence!

The departure of Colonel and Mrs. Buchan will soon, I fear, be fait accompli. On Tuesday evening the Master gave Colonel Buchan farewell at the Hunt Club, at which a jolly company voiced the general regret that we are soon to lose our favorite friends. Christmas decorations and Christmas cheer were the rule. Among the guests were Senator Melvin-Jones, Colonel Lessard, C.B., Major Greville-Harston, Mr. Osborne, Mr. W. P. Fraser, Mr. Stewart Houston, Mr. W. H. Cawthra, Mr. Robert Smith, Mr. Lally McCarthy and many others.

A marriage of interest to many Toronto people took place in St. Louis last Saturday night when Miss Virginia Berthold, daughter of Mr. Sarpy Berthold, and a granddaughter of Mrs. Armand Peugnet, became the wife of Mr. Samuel Bradley Gundy of Toronto. The bride is described as a "sparkling little blonde who has enjoyed three or four popular social seasons." The wedding took place at the residence of the bride's father, Washington avenue, the officiating clergyman being Rev. Dr. Holland of St. Louis. Miss Clara Bain was maid of honor, and Mr. Horace Boulthee of Toronto was Mr. Gundy's best man. Mr. and Mrs. Gundy sailed on December 24th for Liverpool and expect to be in Europe for some months. The groom is widely known and popular in Toronto, being a member of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club and an enthusiastic sportsman. His bride is said to be possessed of the many charming qualities that one might expect from a mingling of French and Southern blood.

This evening a score of this season's debutantes will dine together at the King Edward on the invitation of a married friend. The "round table" will be set for the young folks, and after dinner a card party in a reserved drawing-room at which a score of the men friends of the hostess will join the dinner guests, will round off the evening. The debutantes invited are Miss Nesta MacKenzie, Miss Gladys Walker, Miss Muriel Baldwin, Miss Edith Cross, Miss Falconbridge, Miss Jean Graham of Mashquash, Miss Mary Campbell, Miss Marjorie Arnoldi, Miss Isabel Robertson, Miss Gwen Darling of Ravensmount, Miss Blair Burrows, Miss May Harston, Miss Vivian McLeod, Miss Sankey, Miss Reynolds, Miss Hazel Ford

and many others.

On Northfield, Miss Charlotte Phillips, Miss Grace Rolph, and Miss Mary Morison. Two or three other invited buds which are of this season's plucking are unable to be present, for even debutantes can not be in two places at once.



James A. Tucker, B.A.

Born Thirty-two Years Ago; Buried on his Birthday, December 22nd.

Perhaps no jolt has been felt by the reader, but the staff of "Saturday Night" is sorrowful. Tucker is dead and buried, and those who sought the assistant editor of this paper, appreciated his ability and felt his kindly and gentle influence, will meet him no more. Tucker was a good man—a gentleman in the supremest sense of the word. Everybody loved him, he loved everybody and was afraid of no one. We can do no more than join our thoughts around what is now but a memory and say, as we feel, that his place will never be quite filled. As in many other offices where people remain long together, the staff work of this paper has an entity of its own, singularly a part of the life of all those connected with it, and this is our first direct bereavement. Will the reader please think we are not effusive when we place this small wreath of words—the flowers in which our guild employs itself—on the forever-folded hands of our loved colleague.—THE STAFF.

Mr. Jas. Tucker's Funeral.

Fraternal Societies' and University Graduates' Tributes.

(Special Despatch to "The Globe.")

Owen Sound, Dec. 22.—The funeral of James Tucker, late assistant editor of "Saturday Night," took place to Greenwood cemetery this afternoon from the residence of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Tucker. The deceased had won the esteem of the citizens of Owen Sound, as indicated by the fact that nearly every business or professional man of standing was present to take a last look at the remains. Magnificent floral tributes covered the casket and filled the room, including designs from "Saturday Night," the Toronto Grey Old Boys' Association, the A.O.U.W., Owen Sound L.O.L. 1,319, the Sons of England, one each from the ladies and gentlemen of the graduating class of '95 of Toronto University, and many from private sources. The services at the house were conducted by Rev. Dr. Somerville, pastor of Division Street Presbyterian Church, assisted by Rev. J. Ardill, rector of St. George's. The casket was placed in the hearse and covered with the Union Jack. The pall-bearers were: Three brothers, Messrs. H. G. Tucker, Edward Tucker and William Tucker, and three brothers-in-law, Messrs. A. C. Priest, W. A. D. Graham and Harold M. Graham. The A.O.U.W., Orangemen and Sons of England marched in the funeral procession.

of Northfield, Miss Charlotte Phillips, Miss Grace Rolph, and Miss Mary Morison. Two or three other invited buds which are of this season's plucking are unable to be present, for even debutantes can not be in two places at once.

A very dear and beloved lady passed gently to her rest on Monday, when Mrs. Rowand of St. Patrick street was called away, in the fullness of years, from a life lived so beautifully and helpfully that those who have known it can ever draw inspiration for good from its memory. Mrs. Rowand has never since her arrival in Toronto some years ago, been in health robust enough to permit of her going about where she would have been a cherished guest, but the friends who have been privileged to meet and learn to love her have prized their visits to her charming home, and enjoyed her bright intelligence and never-failing sweet sense of humor, a humor never turned to the decrying or discomfiture of a single soul. On Tuesday evening her daughters and granddaughter, accompanied by Mr. D. W. Alexander, took their revered dead to their old home, Quebec, where Mrs. Rowand's remains were interred beside her tenderly remembered husband, the late Dr. Rowand. Much sympathy is expressed by their legion of friends all over the Dominion for Miss Rowand, Mrs. Hankey of London, Eng., Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Mr. Rowand, and Miss Dora Rowand, who mourn the loss of so beloved a mother and grandmother.

The Strolling Players' Orchestra gave their first soiree musicals this season at the King Edward on Thursday of last week, and it must have gratified the members to see such a fine turnout as greeted them on that occasion. The orchestra, which is purely amateur, and, as such, an organization of which Toronto may be quite proud, was assisted by Mrs. Hooker of Rochester, a very sweet-looking matron, with a most taking manner and a cultured voice; Miss Eloise Keating, an adorable little harpist whose beaux yeux and clever fingers alternately charmed the audience, and Mr. Piggott, who sang several songs and for an encore sat down to the piano and dashed off a most fetching Irish ballad of his own, which quite brought down the house. Some one tells me that a stray critic walked all over the ladies' orchestra in a paper. This is inhuman treatment and a society for the protection of amateur orchestras should be at once organized. Personally, I very much enjoyed their playing, which was devoted to unpretentious selections and seemed to be carefully and neatly done. They do say that they have a rival in another society, but Toronto is now big enough for two to practice "live and let live."

There has been the usual scattering and ingathering of relatives and friends during the past week. People are less anxious to get away from town this year for Christmas than I ever remember them to have been. Many homes are overflowing with visitors. The Military College cadets are home in great force, and other institutions have relaxed their grasp upon the ex-rising young men of Toronto, who have returned to celebrate the season. "Ex-rising" has nothing X-rays or scientific about it. It means that what we have we cannot invariably hold.

The marriage of Mr. Percy Scholfield, formerly manager of the Standard Bank in Chatham, but recently appointed to a much more important position here, and Miss Florence Skey, daughter of Mr. Frederick Skey of Chatham, cousin of Rev. Lawrence Skey of St. Anne's Church, Toronto, will take place in Chatham on December 30th. Mr. Scholfield has been for some years one of the prominent men in the Maple City, and his bride-elect was born there. Both bride and groom are very popular, and I hear the wedding festivities and the wedding gifts are to be forcibly emphasized that fact. I dare say several Toronto friends will go up for this marriage.

Mrs. E. W. H. Vanallen and Mrs. Robert Sims (nee Atkinson) are spending Christmas with their parents in Chatham.

Two very pleasant teas were given this week by Mrs. Milligan at her suite in the St. George. The first was for her married friends, and the second for young people. Mrs. Milligan had an additional attraction to her charming family circle in the fiancee of her son, Miss Florrie Patterson, who is one of the brightest and most popular of girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Roberts and Mr. and Mrs. E. Bickford left this week to spend Christmas with Colonel McGill in Kingston. Mr. Oscar Bickford leaves for England next week.

The ninth annual charity ball in aid of the Jewish Benevolent Society takes place in the Temple Building next Wednesday.

Mr. Stuart Wilkie came from the Citadel, Quebec, to spend Christmas with his father at his home in Sherbourne street.

I hear that Mr. DuDomaine has been attached to one of the regiments in quarters at Halifax.

Mrs. Harrison (Seranus), who has been laid aside by illness from active social life since last July, is happily now much better.

Mrs. and Miss Cawthra and Mr. Jack Cawthra of Guiseley House are to spend the winter in the south of France. I heard that Mrs. Campbell Renton was to be with them there.

Wm. Stitt & Co.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

NEW FALL GOODS

Tweeds and Cloths for Tailor-Made Suits. Fancy Dress Materials for Afternoon, Dinner and Reception Gowns.

MILLINERY—English, French and New York Pattern Hats and Bonnets.

GLOVES—Our Glove Department is well stocked with all the latest novelties. Men's and Boys' Gloves.

CORSETS—The La Grecque and Lattice Ribbon.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

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is a thing of beauty and a joy forever—for it lasts as long as the house lasts and if properly attended to improves with age. Let us send you a catalogue, or better still let us estimate on any room you think of doing. We are manufacturers and sell direct to the consumer. We are the sole agents for Butcher's Boston Polish for floors.

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CUT GLASS

The finest cut glass made in the world is

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We have one of the finest and largest cutting shops on the continent. As well as supplying the very best quality, we save you the American manufacturers' profit and the duty.

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Sun Burst Pleated Skirts

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Knife, Accordion Pleating.

Buttons Covered to Match any Material

FEATHERBONE NOVELTY MFG. CO., Limited

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Dunlop's

Roses are always the favorite medium. Our salesroom contains many lovely novelties, beautiful spreading palms, graceful ferns and jardinières—any of which a woman will receive with delight.

Send for cut flower price list. We guarantee their to be very in or out of town in perfect condition.

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Chafing Dishes

Few people are aware of the wide range of cooking that can be done with these useful little utensils and which can be prepared so quickly and easily. We carry a full line of these dishes in stock.

Prices from \$5.00 to \$15.00 each.

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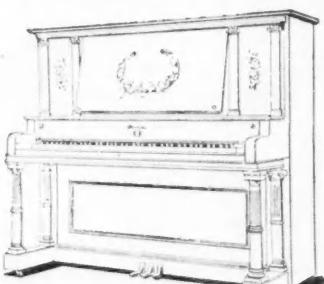
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Gourlay, Winter & Leeming

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Gourlay Pianos

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THE SCIENCE OF PIANO BUILDING



There are pianos which have for years been regarded as first-class, and to-day are as fine as they ever were, but which would appear to disadvantage if compared with the "Gourlay," because of its greater achievements.

The "Gourlay" is the creation of later and more advanced science—it is the ultimate result of the spirit which says—not "How many pianos can I make and market in a year?"—but "How fine a piano can I produce?"

In short, while it may not represent "the most perfect that may yet be," for perfection is always relative, still we know, and musical authorities agree, that the "Gourlay" represents "perfection in Piano-building" many degrees beyond that heretofore attained.

The illustration used above is in outline the fac-simile of the "Gourlay" piano recently supplied for the personal use of Lady Ruby Elliot at Rideau Hall by the order of Her Excellency the Countess of Minto.

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Hamilton Warehouses,
66 King Street West.

188 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

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enables anybody to play anything upon any piano without practice. It excels all other piano players in its simplicity, ease of operation and perfect execution of all descriptions of music.

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Real Lace Trimmed, \$1.25 to \$12.00 each.

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Embroidered Lawn and Linen, 12½c. to \$1.75 each.

Hemstitched Linen, \$1.25 to \$6.00 dozen. Box of ½ doz. Hemstitched, Initiated Linen, for \$1.75.

GENTLEMEN'S

Hemstitched Linen, \$2.25 to \$6.00 dozen. Box of ½ doz. Initiated Linen, for \$2.50. Hemmed Linen, \$1.75 to \$4.00 dozen. Silk, Hemstitched, 40c. to \$1.50 each.

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King Street—opposite the Post-Office.
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This is the greatest Fur season we've had for years. We have all the good kinds.

Mink Sets (Scarf and Muff) special, \$45.00.
Alaska Sable Sets (Scarf and Muff) \$25.00.
Red Fox Sets (Scarf and Muff) \$19.00.
Western Sable Sets (Scarf and Muff) \$15.00.

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Social and Personal.

The faculty and students' At Home in honor of the founder, Hon. William McMaster, took place at McMaster College on Friday evening of last week, beginning with a reception from 8 to 9 in Castle Memorial Hall. The guests were received on behalf of the faculty by Chancellor Wallace and Mrs. S. M. McMaster, widow of the founder, and Mr. F. J. Scott, B.A., on behalf of the students. They were assisted by Professor and Mrs. McKay, Professor Farmer, Professor and Mrs. Clark, Professor and Mrs. McLay, Dr. Goodspeed, Professor and Mrs. Wilson Smith, Professor and Mrs. Cohoe and Professor and Mrs. Cross. During the reception an orchestra was stationed on the platform and later on divided, one-half remaining and the other being placed in the corridor of the first floor. From 9.15 to 11.30 promenades were in order through the main corridors. An exhibition of X-rays was given in the physical laboratory, under the direction of Professor Wilson Smith, Professor Cohoe and Messrs. Mabie, Carpenter and Lailey. The guests much admired the students' rooms, which were specially decorated for the function. Refreshments were served in the dining hall, and all arrangements were in the hands of the wives of the members of the faculty and the women students of the university, who omitted nothing from the care and detail of the feast. The table was set with silver candelabra, candles, red shades, red ribbons, red carnations and holly in cheery Christmas fashion. In the corridors bunting and flags made a bright show, and in Castle Hall palms were massed on the platform, nothing else being required in a room naturally so simply beautiful. Professors McLay (chairman), Clark, McKay, Cohoe, Wilson Smith, and Messrs. F. J. Scott, B.A., A. Torrie, B.A., W. Quarrington, B.A., H. C. Feast, '04; F. C. Mabee, '04; Whitley Lailey, '04, and W. A. Cameron, '06, were the committee, and the following young ladies of the university assisted materially to make the At Home a success: Miss K. I. McLaurin, Miss J. T. Shields, Miss L. J. Layng, Miss M. E. Culver, '04; Miss L. Senior, Miss E. D. Hartley, Miss A. Barber, Miss A. Winsor, '05; Miss W. Phillips, Miss G. Stone, Miss O. Harton, Miss E. Cutts, Miss L. M. McLay, Miss E. Burke, '06; Miss Wilkins, Miss A. Parker, Miss B. Shields, Miss C. Hitchin, Miss Foreman, Miss Healey, Miss Cameron, Miss P. Gonder, Miss Moule, '07. Among the hundreds of guests were, from Moulton College, Misses Elsie McLaurin, Pearl Manzie, Emma Kennedy, Florence Sharpe, Ethel Sharpe, Jessie Carrier, Ada Firstbrook, Ada Scott, Nook Jackson, Clara Guavitt, Laura Bullis, Retta Gordon, May Shaw, and Mabel Smith. Space fails to enumerate the many prominent city people who were present.

Lady Galt some time ago disposed of the Galt homestead in Pembroke street to Mr. McMullen of the C.P.R., and is now charmingly settled (with her daughter) at 46 Gerrard street east, in the very nice house formerly occupied by Mrs. Heaven. Lady Galt is fairly strong this winter.

Another engagement, to be followed by a happy wedding in June, has been whispered to me, under promise of discreet reserve until permission comes to mention it.

Mrs. Paul Krell, who has been at Tarves (Aberdeen) with her father, Mr. Francis Thomson, is now in London, en route to Cairo for the winter.

Captain Arthur T. Kirkpatrick has not regained his health and strength since his illness from typhoid fever last season as his friends had hoped, and is ordered by his physician to Old Point Comfort for the winter. His devoted wife, who has been so faithful a nurse, will now take a rest from duty and Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn will give her time, her well-proven talent for cheering and comforting an invalid, and her ever-charming company to her step-son during his sojourn away from home. That her friends regret while they admire her warm-hearted devotion is only to be supposed, for her absence will leave a blank in many a bright gathering.

The Daughters of the Empire may be weary in well-doing without a whisper of reproach from anyone, after the week they have put in at their Christmas lunch and five o'clock tea enterprise. To say they have been enthusiastic, unwearied, cheery and tactful is to say much less than the truth. Day after day the bright, pretty waitresses, the sweet cordial chaperones and the jubilant treasurer have fairly coined money for their fund. Day after day people have crowded the quite too narrow quarters which have resounded with mirth and laughter. The contributions have been liberal and excellent, and the whole thing vast success.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hees are entertaining a very large family party for Christmas, their son, Mr. Will Hees and his wife and daughter, from New York, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan and Baby Kathleen, Mr. and Mrs. Haas and their fine little family, and Messrs. Harry and Ralph Hees, all being here, I believe, for the first time at Noel.

Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick is home at Closeburn for the vacation from the Royal Military College, Kingston.

Mrs. Capon's delightful little musical was a most artistic success on Saturday, quite a number of finished musicians contributing a wealth of good numbers and the few guests enjoying them greatly. The hostess wore an exquisite robe of violet panne, with deep, flowing undersleeves of white accordion chiffon, richly decorated with white lace, in which she looked a perfect picture. In the dining-room a dainty and somewhat elaborate five o'clock tea was served, and altogether the guests who braved a wretched afternoon to get to the musical felt themselves more than repaid by the brightness and elegance of the affair, which, like everything Mrs. Capon arranges, was "de luxe" in the extreme.

On Saturday evening L'Alliance Francaise enjoyed the capital presentation by some of its members of Labiche's comedy, mentioned last week. The play was light and bright and taking. Professor des Champs was as funny as ever, and the ladies covered themselves with applause. L'Alliance Francaise means al-

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

ways a coterie of bright and interesting folk, some of whom have demonstrated decided dramatic ability.

Mrs. Scanlon and her daughter, Mrs. William Lee, have sent out cards for a tea on next Tuesday afternoon at Mrs. Scanlon's residence, 80 Bloor west, from 5 to 7 o'clock.

A very sweet and popular debutante was presented in London on Monday night, when Mrs. Malcolm J. Kent gave a dance in the Masonic Temple for the debut of her only daughter.

Trinity men have announced the date of their annual conversazione as January 26. This is the only "university" dance now on the winter programme, and has always been the most charming and interesting of the academic affairs in the city. The Trinity conversat is no longer includes a dance, and other colleges, like the famous blase regiment of old, "don't dawnee," at least the men's colleges do not.

Mrs. George Warren's tea was a very jolly one, and though no special debutante gave it added interest, there was a sweet little "semi-ready" very busy looking after her mother's guests. Pretty Miss Birthe Warren, her sweet, fair wreathed in cordial smiles, was here and there, welcoming the guests. Some of the much-burdened social favorites who rush from one tea to another, arriving pretty late at Mrs. Warren's, owing to a temporary standstill of the street cars about half-past five. Therefore, the last of the guests stayed rather late, and even then were unwilling to go home.

Colonel and Mrs. J. C. MacDougall and their young sons are spending the holidays with Mrs. Hawke in Wellington street. Owing to recent family bereavement their Christmas has been a quiet one. The little colleagues from "Highfield," Hamilton, are, however, enjoying themselves greatly.

Mr. Arthur Guise went down to New York last week to meet Lord Melgund, his Excellency's son and heir, who landed from the "Lucania" on Saturday. There are busy times at Rideau Hall these days, in preparation for the children's fancy dress ball, when characters weird and pretty from Carroll's delightful books, "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through a Looking-Glass," will be as- sembled by the wee.

There can be no doubt that the citizens of Toronto are quick to make use of a good thing when it is offered. The rapidity with which the owners of the better class of houses are adopting the electric light is an evidence of this. Its use is becoming so general that those who usually have the best that is to be had are realizing that if they want to be "in the swim" they must do away with obsolete methods and adopt the "electric only" idea. The reliable service furnished by the local electric light company justifies this, and when the cheapness of the light is considered it is small matter for wonder that it is being so generally adopted here.

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Contains all the nutritive and sedative properties of Malt and Hops, with the lowest possible percentage of alcohol.

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General Agent

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Ask to see Crompton's Styles 505 and 707.

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Fit perfectly and are exact counterparts of nature.

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Established 1840.

168 Yonge St. Toronto

CHRISTMAS CAKES

of the finest quality, covered with almond icing and handsomely decorated. Five pounds and upwards, 40c. per lb.

PLUM PUDDINGS

A necessity for Christmas Day. They are sent out in cloths, cooked, ready for heating and serving, 25c. per lb.

MINCE MEAT

made of the best materials according to our own receipt—20c. per lb.

Our catalogue tells about a great many other seasonal good things. It is mailed free on request.

Deeds, Not Words.

Father (sternly)— Didn't I tell you if any of the other boys said anything to make you angry you should count twenty before you said anything? Tommy—Yes, sir; but I didn't need to say anything. Before I'd counted twelve the other boy yelled "Enough!"—Philadelphia "Press."

MERRY ...XMAS

and beg to extend our thanks for the many favors placed with us during the past year.

THE Skirt Specialty Co.

Designers and Tailors.

64 King Street West. Phone M. 3249



GOOD CHEER and GOOD LOOKS

Christmas is closely associated with the former, and Pember's Hair Parlors have much to do with the latter. Therefore, Christmas and Pember's are closely related.

THE PEMBER STORE

offers exceptional attractions at this gift giving season for a more exquisite assortment of stylish and becoming Witches and Pompadour Bangs has never seen in Canada. You will find everything you desire in Hair Goods, Ornament of the better sort such as you will feel proud to wear, and proud to present as a gift.

In Toilet Aids, Hair Preparations and its reputation.

We are ready to prepare you for The Ba Pouder if you intend going.

A Suburban Christmas.

WHEN the Raynors lived in the Sherwood in New York there was no one in all the artist colony more popular than they. Raynor will never jostle Velasquez for first place as a painter, but I doubt if Velasquez was as fine a man as Raynor, and even those who smile at the latter's figure work and sneer at his landscapes, cheerfully endorse the general verdict that "Billy is all right."

And Mrs. Raynor—well, there's no use trying to describe her to an apathetic world, because if you don't know her you can't begin to imagine how nice she is.

As a general thing in a family made up of an artist and his wife it is the artist who does the heavy hoping, while the wife, looking at life in the light of bitter experience, wishes that her husband had a good job in theerryhouse at so much a week, and if he lives in roomy art castles she is very apt to live in the small rooms for which they struggle to pay rent. I refer to the early years of successful artists and all the years of unsuccessful ones.

But Raynor and his wife are the original packages as far as hope is concerned. He is always sure that monumental success is coming to him week after week; she is just as sure that it will arrive early next week, and between the two of them they manufacture cheerfulness in large quantities and hand it out to their friends with prodigal generosity. No tea or lunch or supper of a Bohemian nature ever took place in the Sherwood without finding the Raynors among the guests.

So when they decided to leave New York and take up a residence "way out in Jersey" gloom fell upon their friends among the artists, and although I am not an artist, gloom fell upon me. For I have numbered Mr. and Mrs. Billy Raynor among my friends, lo! these many years.

They moved into their new house in October, and a few days afterward I received a letter from Billy, which ran as follows:

"Dear Hubert—I always hoped that heaven would be my home eventually, but I never supposed it would be located here. Yet such is the fact. We are only two minutes from the train, and to make it better yet, I only have to go to town once a week. The real country is five minutes from us on foot, two minutes on a wheel. We have gas, electricity and a furnace, and we think we are going to get coal.

"This last is quite heavenly, because our next door neighbors on either side think they are not going to get any, owing to its scarcity and a little trouble they have had with their coal dealer. Never quarrel with a coal dealer.

"I can get more paintable views in a day than I can paint in a week, and who says she feels better here than she ever imagined anybody could feel any-where short of Paradise.

"You ought to come out here and settle. Only forty dollars for eight rooms and a bath, a stable and half an acre of ground with roses and honeysuckle in the summer and hens if we want them—and I think we will. Twenty-five miles from New York, and they tell me that mosquitoes are only troublesome for a certain length of time.

"If you don't hear from me again, come out to spend Christmas Day with us. We will invite some of the boys from the Sherwood, and we'll have a good time—Christmas tree and all the fixings.

"Have gained five pounds since I left New York, and I'm afraid to have Anna weighed, as I have a feeling that a perfect wife should not weigh more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and she weighed one hundred and twenty-four before we came out.

"How anyone can live in the city who has had a taste of suburban life I don't see. And to think that I have spent thirty years in New York.

"Come out any time and spend Sunday, but be sure to save Christmas, anyway.

"Yours, way up in,

"William Raynor."

A very characteristic letter, and it made me want to go out and see him, but I had an unusually busy fall, and I was unable to think of it until Christmas time.

Then I enquired among the Sherwooders and found that although a number of them had received the same general invitation, only one was going out. The country in winter has terrors for the average city man.

But Tom Somers, whose "Winter Evening" gained him the Hallgarten prize in—forget the date—and who paints out doors in weather that would freeze the fingers of most men, said he was going, and we planned to go together.

We had expected to go out Christmas morning, but a business matter requiring instant attention came up, and as Tom did not want to go out alone he waited for me, and it was four o'clock before we started and twilight was beginning to fall.

We bore packages of a Christmas character, and I took the precaution to carry along a bottle of whiskey, because if there's anything the matter with a furnace in a country house and you don't care to wear your overcoat indoors, a judicious use of hot water with the proper flavor is sometimes a preventor of doctor's visits.

Tom and I are not what you'd call drinking men, but we did stop in at a cafe on our way down Cortlandt street to the station, and had a glass of Christmas cheer. Only one, but it made us both feel well disposed toward the world, and I think that the newsboy on the corner was glad that we used that particular ferry. And he didn't forget to say "Thank you" either.

"I'm sorry more of the fellows didn't come out with us," said Tom, as we lighted our cigars in a warm corner of the men's cabin. "Billy is always good company, but in his own house he will surpass himself, and his wife is a born housekeeper. The dinner will be something just a little different from any other. She has a knack that way. You know Billy's always wanted to live out of town, and I got a letter from him in November that told me he was as happy as he was the day Anna accepted him, and that Anna was happier. I've been meaning to go out, but one thing or another has prevented me."

"Same here," said I. "Yes, the boys

missed it not going out. If Billy had as much talent as he has good feeling, he'd be one of our leading painters."

"Poor Billy," said Tom, shaking his head compassionately. "He can't paint a little bit, and yet he contrives to sell something every once in a while, and I guess that Anna has a little coming to her from her mother's estate, so there's no danger of their starving. They're the salt of the earth, and they deserve more popularity than they.

Raynor will never

cheerly laugh. "All the cooks in town are Slavs, and they've all gone to Newark for a Christmas celebration."

This seemed a fairy story until it was explained that all the Slavs were from the same village and most of them were cousins, and they had a loving habit of taking their holidays together. So every house in Airy Park, with the exception of the boarding-house where they employed colored servants, was cookless on this glad Christmas Day.

"Don't you want some beer?" asked Billy, as we followed him to the cellar to get some wood to make a fire with.

We felt it was a little cool for beer, and so it proved, for the bottles were frozen solid and two of them had burst.

"Bring it down here and we'll thaw it out in the furnace," said Tom.

There was to be a turkey, after all!

We had been chopping wood, or, rather, breaking it by jumping on it, and all by the light of the furnace fire, for Billy had started it as soon as he had broken the first box, and now Anna came down, singing a little Christmas tune, and put the turkey in the open door, and then went upstairs to find some of the other things that were to make up our Christmas feast.

"Isn't it jolly to picnic this way?" said she, with as much ardor as Billy had displayed. "I think there are some cans of soup somewhere, and there's a plum pudding and sweet potatoes, only they're very much frozen."

The reader may not believe it, but we were really enjoying ourselves. Our exertions had warmed us, and Billy's imperturbable good spirits were so contagious that nothing could have made us immune.

"God rest you, merry gentlemen," sang Tom as he jumped into a box and nearly dislocated an ankle. "This is living, Billy. I'm all aglow."

As for me, I found an old sofa by falling headlong across it, and we demolished it like three boys breaking windows in an unused house. The furnace was long and strong, and we gave thwacking blows with that and the coal.

"After dinner we'll light the Christmas tree," said Billy. "We half expected someone, and so we made preparations; but when no one came on the three o'clock we gave you up and went out for a long walk, and we have just enjoyed the bracing weather outside."

"A little of it has leaked in, Billy," said Tom, spreading his hands to the blaze and trying to bring his shoulder-blades together for warmth.

"It's too bad, old man," said I, "to have anything like this happen to you on Christmas Day."

"Boy, what's the matter with the electric lights?" asked Tom of a small boy as we passed a globe that was shrouded in gloom.

"There was an accident at the power house in Rahway this afternoon, and they're cut off."

"Oh, that's all," said Tom. "Billy wrote me he had gas as well," said I, "so he's all right. Electric lights are a luxury, anyway."

We now arrived at Billy's house. At least it was the seventh house from the station. The snow lay deep all round it, and no track led to or from it. Billy and his wife had evidently spent the day indoors. We plowed our way to the piazza and then noticed that there was no light inside, and the frost on the parlor windows looked arctic in its construction.

"Must be pretty cold inside," said I. "I wonder if this is Billy's. Maybe it's a vacant house."

The wind wheeled and wheedled and we shivered and shivered as we walked to the door and pressed the electric bell.

"Did that ring?" asked Tom. "I didn't hear it."

"Neither did I, but probably it's in the kitchen. Try it again."

He pressed it with a lingering touch and we listened for the sound of it, but he nothing except the howling of the storm.

"Brbrbrh!" shivered Tom. "I'm going to have a chill in the most comfortable chair in the house as soon as Billy opens the door. This is the coldest ever. We'd make good models for a 'Puck' artist."

A thermometer hung by the door, and just for curiosity I illuminated the evening's blackness with a match and learned that we were in a zero temperature.

"It's Billy's thermometer," said Tom. "He's had it ever since I knew him, so this is the house, but maybe they've gone to a neighbor's to dinner."

"That's a beautiful thought. What will poor Robin do then, poor thing?"

"I thought I heard voices. Probably the bell's out of order. They always are."

As he spoke he pounded with both fists on the glass of the door, and in a minute we heard steps in the house, and then a glimmer of light and then Billy's well-known voice cried out to someone at a distance:

"Someone has come. Hurrah!"

And then Billy opened the door, and as he did so the wind blew out his hair, and we were in darkness again, but in a darkness that was not as chilly as the darkness of outdoors. That is, not quite as chilly. There was no wind after the door was shut, but we did not feel any warmth that could be called stimulating.

"Merry Christmas, boys!" I said Tom, but I didn't know who the other man was. Wait till I light the candle. Come down, Anna, we've got company. Awfully glad to see you—or I will be when I get a light."

The candle lighted, Billy—the same old happy-faced Billy, set on the hall table and shook hands heartily, and in a moment Anna, her face wreathed in smiles, and her voice laden with Christmas greetings, came downstairs bearing another candle.

"Why, you poor things, you must be frozen. It must be awful in New York," said Anna, as she got a good look at us. "Come into the kitchen."

"Had the gas taken out yesterday, and to-day the electric light has gone out for the first time since we moved in," said Billy, as cheerily as if he had announced that his uncle had left him a fortune.

"Only two candles in the house, so if you can get along with one until we can send for others—"

"Billy, what makes it so cold?" blurted out Tom.

"The same thing that makes every house in town cold—except Dutcher's boarding-house. The coal famine has struck us."

When Billy said this he used just the tone that a man uses when he points out the biggest building in town to you. Billy was evidently proud to belong to a town that boasted but one forehand man.

We had followed the Raynors into the kitchen, which was a little warmer than the rest of the house. Still it would have been a good place to keep meat in if a man didn't have a cold cellar or a refrigerator.

"Keep your things on and we'll have a jolly time in spite of the cold. I'll put on my overcoat just to be in the fashion. Do you feel cold, Anna?"

"No, dearie, it takes a good deal to make me cold," said Anna, pulling her golf cape a little closer.

As for me, I began to wish that I had not left my snug apartments.

"Anna," said Billy, "we ought to have a grate fire in the parlor to celebrate Christmas with, and do hurry up the dinner."

"I'm cook to-day," said Anna, with a

cheerful laugh. "All the cooks in town are Slavs, and they've all gone to Newark for a Christmas celebration."

This seemed a fairy story until it was explained that all the Slavs were from the same village and most of them were cousins, and they had a loving habit of taking their holidays together. So every house in Airy Park, with the exception of the boarding-house where they employed colored servants, was cookless on this glad Christmas Day.

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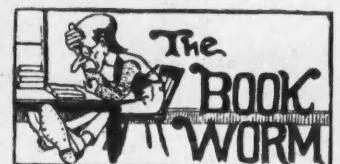
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"God rest you, merry gentlemen," sang

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THE KINSHIP OF NATURE" is a venture into prose by Bliss Carman, who has been associated with "The Pipes of Pan" and "Songs from Vagabondia" for so long that we can hardly think of him as anything but a poet. The book is dedicated to a Canadian who is well known in Toronto, Dr. G. R. Parkin, and surely no schoolmaster ever reaped more golden reward than the words of dedication from this old New Brunswick boy. There is nothing saccharine or fulsome about the address, but such appreciation as Tom Brown might have felt for Arnold speaks in every paragraph. Happy, indeed, is the Canadian schoolboy who has known such training! The book is what is rare in these days—a contribution to literature. It will probably not be one of the six best-selling books of the month; it will not rival Yankee historical fiction in appeal to the popular imagination. But those who desire a book filled with the thoughts of one who has lived close to Nature's heart and who has every gift of poetic expression will discover a new friend in "The Kinship of Nature." One of the most striking things in the book is the writer's evident love of color—an appreciation that speaks in his poetry also. Those who have read the poem "My Grave Tree" will not be surprised when they come to "The Scarlet of the Year." One thing is to be remarked in most of our Canadian writers—their love for autumn and its splendid fulfillment. Charles G. D. Roberts, who is Carman's cousin, expresses this fondness most ardently at the conclusion of his song on winter. There is every reason to be proud of these writers of our woods and fields and to hope for yet greater things. The book is on sale at Tyrrell's and is published in Toronto by the Copp, Clark Company.

Beatrice Stoltz's new novel, "Rosalmonde," is a well-told love story, nothing more, nothing less. Page in and page out it is love, love, love. The interesting little heroine marries a man who is fascinating beyond doubt, but who is carried away by a wild jealousy. He doubts his wife's loyalty and finally pays dearly for the folly into which his impulsive, passionate nature leads him. The book is one that a man might, after a glance within its covers, mentally label "trash" and toss into the waste-paper basket, and a woman might read it, word for word, weep over it, and then lay it aside to "look over again." (T. Fisher Unwin, London, Eng.)

"Thralldom," a new book written by Helen Prothero-Lewis (Mrs. James J. G. Pugh), has recently been sent out by John Long (London, Eng.). It is a vast improvement on those last submitted by this publisher, "All the Winners" and "Up to To-Morrow," two samples that, while they contained dashes of striking originality, were, from the point of view of literary merit, inferior. Mrs. Pugh's latest offering has a moral and a good one. Her heroine is a bright English girl, with a heart that is capable of harboring a wondrous variety of emotions. She can love and hate with equal ardor, and a wild, born spirit of mischief leads her into scrapes galore. The story is entertaining, and can boast of that which proves highly satisfactory to the majority of novel readers, "a happy ending."

The Christmas number of "Varsity" is a credit to the staff of that publication, no trouble having been spared in securing contributions from those who are authorities in the political and literary world. The first article, "The College in Political Life," is by the Premier, Hon. G. W. Ross, and is characterized by the dignity and thoughtfulness that mark every utterance of Ontario's First Minister. Then follows a naughty and spirited cartoon by Mr. S. Hunter on the Varsity graduate and the political liver-stabie, while, with Mr. A. T. Hunter's facetious remarks on the young university man in the political world, lends liveliness to the contents. Mr. N. McConnell has a sprightly representation of certain worthy professors in football garb, which is more startling than becoming to the "University Federation Club." There are many good things by Professor Goldwin Smith, Principal Hutton, Seranus, Madge Merton, Jean Blewett, Arthur Stringer and others. There is also a rattling good story, "The Translation of Pig-Eye," by John Innes, that whisks you away from asphalt pavement and civilization to a land inhabited by such beings as Black-Pup, Spotted-Mule—and a devil.

Another university publication that appears in most creditable form every month is "Acta Victoriana," which in this Christmas season has surpassed itself. The illustrations are numerous and excellent, and the 130 pages of reading matter are contributed by such writers as Dr. Drummond, Arthur Stringer, Duncan Campbell Scott. "Acta" is thoroughly and inspiringly Canadian, and seems to make an effort to get "new stuff." The cover has an attractive appearance, with a border suggestive of Yuletide.

"Poems of the New Century" is the title of a collection of verse by Robert S. Jenkins of Trinity College, Toronto. The literary leaning of the writer is seen in the introductory chapter, "The Lyric Poetry of Keats." Many of the poems are touched with a lyric grace that is all too rarely found. They are the

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14



Christmas Eve.

Mr. O'Rooney (in a whisper)—Whist, Nora. Look it! Sure, it's the priso-
nent av a great trust our Patsy will be one av these days.

songs of a new country in a new era, and are full of the spirit of youth and hopefulness. "The Dandelions," "At Col-
lingwood," "The Crushed Flower" and "Songs By the Lake" reveal a close intimacy with the life of the fields and the forest. (William Briggs.)

The Charming Woman.

YOU ask at what age is woman most charming? Listen to me, my friend, and I will tell you. Her name was Ilse; her age was six years. I shall never forget the first kiss I pressed upon her cool, moist lips. The fence-rails were far apart, and I could get my hands through and hold her curly head while I sipped the honey. Then we parted, gravely, promising to see each other again. We met many times after that. In the meadow, where we wandered hand in hand, plucking buttercups; in the woods, where we lay side by side and covered ourselves with rust and crimson autumn leaves; in the little attic, where we played "house"; sundry dolls, of mottled complexion and many physical defects, doing duty as our children.

On, it was delicious to watch her chase the butterflies over the meadow—yes, and to see the butterflies chase her. It was hard to tell which was more fairylike. Like the good Pope Sylvester, she understood the language of birds, and during our rambles in the woods she would hold converse with them, and then tell me what had been said, for she had no secrets from her little lover. In the attic she revealed her serious side. No matron of years ever displayed a deeper sense of her responsibilities than did Ilse. How bravely she bore herself when she learned that our most chaste old dame had the "cows" and how faithfully she nursed the ailing one back to health!

But one day the angels came and said that Ilse belonged to them, and they took her away. I was very, very sick for a long time after. A woman is most charming at sixty.

From the moment I learned to love Violet I learned to hate algebra. She was fifteen. Did I say "learned to love her"? I meant to say from the moment I loved her. One did not have to go to school to love Violet, though it was in school that I first met her. Her eyes were of the color of the flower after which she was named; her cheeks were pale, but warm; her hair was long and black; her form had the slenderness of a Greek statue—indeed, in her person were combined the maturity and immaturity of a Psyche.

We took the longest way home together after school hours. The path led through a forest, and we often tarried by a little brook. Seated on the bank we twined our arms around each other, put our hot faces together, and became dizzy with love and longing. Once she was overcome with passion, and thought to loosen her dress and bring water from the brook. I bared her throat, but I did not go for the water. I think that I also must have been overcome.

We ran away. Three nights we spent under the friendly stars—ambrosial nights! And then we came to a priest. We asked him to marry us, but he laughed and told us we must go home. We wept and knelt to him in vain. Our wicked parents came and tore us asunder. Oh, it was very, very sad!

A woman is most charming at fifteen.

Many said that Antigone's eyes were unfathomable. But I had fathomed them, and I discovered in their depths a strong and abiding love for my unworthy self. Antigone was thirty. She had held her own against the freshest and loveliest debutantes, for she was fresher and lovelier than them all. She had said "no" to many, but when I spoke to her she put her hand in mine, leaned her head against my shoulder and whispered "Yes."

It was enough to make any man happy, and yet I felt sad. She was so near to me that I could feel her heart beat against my breast, but a shadow seemed to be between us. I told her of this, and found that she, too, was full of forebodings. It has been said that hopeless love is the sweetest love. Perhaps it is true. Our love was very sweet—and hopeless.

One day I saved her from drowning. She had tried to swim to the raft, but her strength failed her. I happened to be near by, and brought her safely to the goal. Wet and exhausted we lay in each other's arms, unashamed, the early morning sun the only witness. Then she told me her father had willed her for another, and that she wished to die. Alas, we got no drier, for our tears were big and many. Each caress cost us a thousand sighs, and there were many caresses.

My love was so great that I preferred to see her another man's rather than to have her become the bride of the sea. We swam back to the shore.

A woman is most charming at thirty.

Jane is seventy. The silver east upon the lake's bosom by the moon is not

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Notice is hereby given that a half-yearly dividend for the six months ending Dec. 31st, 1903, at the rate of five per cent. per annum, has this day been declared upon the paid-up capital stock of the Company, and that the same will be payable at the offices of the Company ON AND AFTER JANUARY 1st, 1904.

The Transfer Books will be closed from Dec. 21st to Dec. 31st, both days inclusive.

T. P. COFFER, Manager

Toronto, Dec. 1st, 1903.

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English royalties. The writer of this article remembers a dinner at Princess Mary of Cambridge (the late Duchess of Teck) was present, and at the end of which a finger-bowl was set before her Royal Highness, but before no one else at table.

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New York Letter.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

THE most important event of the week has been the formal opening of the new and "wider than has been" bridge on the East River. Though far from complete for all kinds of traffic, the coincidence of Seth Low's mayoralty could not be overlooked. He it was who twenty years ago, as Mayor of Brooklyn, walked half way across the Brooklyn bridge to meet the Mayor of New York and that famous bridge open for traffic between the two.

Troops of cavalry, regiments of infantry, military, aldermanic processions and the inevitable self-glorified speech-making constituted the afternoon programme. At night there was a grand display of fireworks from the bridge which itself was effectively outlined in incandescent lights, and hanging so in mid-air against a dark, lowering sky with the swift-running, mysterious Hudson far below, made an awe-inspiring and striking picture. Tugboats armed with searchlights paraded the river, and with their shrieking, moaning, groaning whistles made one awful pandemonium amid the din of cannon and firework explosives. In this way was the great bridge declared open for traffic to a thankful population.

New York has been grappling for years with the tremendous problem of transporting its hundreds of thousands of Brooklyn residents to and from Manhattan or New York city proper. The old Brooklyn bridge, known and famed all over the world, has been totally inadequate of late, and the nightly scenes at the Manhattan end of the bridge between five and six o'clock beggar all description. The polite, genial, affable "American" citizen becomes part of a hideous mob, scrabbling, striving, jostling, trampling all finer instincts under foot, and for the time being degraded into the most elemental stage of civilization. To avoid offence, we quote an "American" writer: "He is savage, neither more nor less. He forgets woman, civilization, ambition, religion, learning, and deportment. His face is set and hideous. His brain and soul shrink to the dimensions of the withered kernel of a fibber and are filled with one raging desire—a seat in a car!"

"American" problems seem all so tremendous and only boldness and enterprise can hope to grapple with them. And it was certainly boldness and enterprise that conceived and carried out the magnificent structure formally opened on Saturday last.

In size it is the longest span suspension bridge in the world, and with the exception of the Forth cantilever in Scotland, the longest span ever built. Its capacity will be four times that of the present Brooklyn bridge, and it will be able to carry passengers at the rate of 228,000 per hour. It will have accommodation for four trolley tracks, two elevated railway tracks, two footwalks each ten and a half feet wide, two bicycle paths each seven and a half feet wide, and two twenty-foot roadways. The contract for the work was let seven years ago. Forty thousand tons of steel have been used in its construction, and the total outlay has been \$11,000,000.

In spite of reputed "hard times," Christmas shopping has been brisk and the store clerks kept exceedingly busy. The window displays have been quite up to the standard of former years, if not a little in advance, and their tempting wares have probably worn the inside of many an unwary pocketbook. "Christmas shopping" in the ideal is a pretty enough exercise, no doubt, but in the actual is a terrible expenditure of vitality, good temper, and good manners. Perhaps this all goes into the sacrifice for the promotion and exchange of the good-fellowship and good cheer that seizes all mankind just once a year. This yearly halt, if you will, of the industrial march to consider the responsibility—and the luxury!—of human relations, and indulge its shame-faced sentiments.

Gifts have ranged anywhere from hair-brushes, neck-ties, gloves and cologne to "Old Crow" rye and a sofa cushion. Books, of course, are always popular and always acceptable, and they have been appearing in plenty—chiefly in novels and biographies—on the Christmas counters.

"Colonel Carter's Christmas," "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," "Gordon Keith," "Sanctuary," "The Proud Prince," have all been in good demand in the novel class; while Gordon's "Reminiscences of the Civil War," Morley's "Gladstone," and Hoar's "Autobiography" have supplied the more serious historical appetite. A very elaborate collection of Sargent reproductions in photogravure by Mrs. Meynell, and a handsome Rembrandt, have been the really high-class book ventures of the season, but for obvious reasons these do not come within sight of a popular demand. Standard and classical authors have been shown in new and dressy binding—Thackeray, Eliot, Jane Austen, Ruskin and such perennials.

Society is waiting now in breathless interest and perplexity too, for the first "Parsifal" performance, to be given on Christmas eve. The perplexity arises from the dual situation confronting the toilets. The performance begins at five o'clock in the afternoon and ceases about midnight (of the same day) with an intermission long enough for a little refreshment. You see the difficulty. An afternoon gown will look ridiculous by night, and an evening gown of course would not be tolerated in the broad light of an afternoon! Men will not suffer so much, in fact the way has been already opened for them, and they will simply meet their valet at the club and escape from the frock into evening dress while devouring a club sandwich to carry their mortality safely through the succeeding Wagnerian acts.

But, then, "man" has always had the advantage from prehistoric times, and it is no answer to say that he has not complicated his social difficulties out of hand. He is a selfish beast, who quietly arranges his affairs to meet the diurnal habits of this solar system, regardless of the perplexities of feminine social existence, which cannot be circumvented by any such simple cosmic laws.

However, feminine society, so far, is keeping its own counsel, and when I write you of the "Parsifal" performance I will be able to tell you how they overcame their difficulty.



Binks—And now, would you mind throwing over my hat and umbrella?—"Punch."

Confetti.

Two burdens are laid on men: To desire what they have not; and to have what they desire.—"Life."

After all, one of the great—perhaps the greatest—pleasures in life is to get things over.—"Mrs. Augustus Craven."

A man wishes and a woman wishes, but circumstance frequently wins the game.—"The Damsel and the Sage."

It's a strong stomach that has no turning.—"The Cynic's Calendar."

No man likes shooting tame rabbits.—"The Damsel and the Sage."

A book is never a masterpiece. It becomes one. Genius is the talent of a man who is dead.—"De Goncourt."

To criticize is to tell everything that passes through one's head.—"Sainte Beuve."

A man would often be the lover of his wife—if he were married to someone else.—"The Damsel and the Sage."

There are people for whom everything is obscure except platitude.—"Jean Moresca."

All silences are eloquent, because our imagination makes them talk.—"Marie Valyere."

Men have in life only two affairs: love and hunger.—"Antoine France."

Time and place—temperature and temperament—and after the sunset the night—and then to-morrow.—"The Damsel and the Sage."

Small preachers have long prayers.—"Life."



A scene from Act 3 of "Pretty Peggy," at the Princess next week.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET," presented at the Princess Theater during this Christmas week, is the best that ever was. "The Earl," who takes the name of a New York friend, Mr. Montgomery Putnam, in order to pursue to America a charming young woman who is the real Putnam's divorced wife, is "awfully English, donchernow," and the best of good fellows. His attempt to be a Yankee and his love-making to the divorced lady, whose connection with Putnam the perfidious he never suspects, are funny beyond anything else the season has given us. The virtuous city of Toronto can play the game of bluff about as smoothly as a Sunday school superintendent rolls carpet balls at a social in the church parlors, where the members have met together to encourage the social life among the young people. The way in which we noted approvingly the scenes from the Waldorf-Astoria and murmured kindly, "very realistic," would lead the stranger within our gates to believe that Toronto people take a little run to New York for Grand Opera and find the "Wildflower Mysteria," as "Life" would say, a little lower than the King Edward, but very comfortable. Then didn't most of us, remarking upon Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay's delightful acting declare with emphasis, "He was just like an English Earl," as if we had been in the habit of meeting earls in Yonge street every day of our weary lives and hanging on to a strap next to a live lord when the Toronto street can holdwar bumps its twilight way? We just let on that we knew the whole De Vere family intimately and could tell whether the valet was the proper thing as a "gentleman's gentleman." But the play is really the most appetizing dish that was ever put on the Christmas boards. You may split your sides, your buttons may do the "Peggy" act, but you will forget all about the tax collector, the new school board and other troubles when this utterly English nobleman with the monocle and the "awkward" endeavors to play the part of the native of Pawtucket. The fun is not of the broad and obvious variety, and is clean enough to adorn a tale for a "Young Ladies' Seminary." Mr. D'Orsay makes every gesture and inflection tell. The crook of his elbow is suggestive, the cut of his coat becomes eloquent. Miss Jane Peyton, who takes the part of Harriet Fordyce, the divorced wife of Montgomery Putnam, is admirable in her grace and frivolity—quite the emancipated matron on thoughts of alimony intent. We have had a sure fit at the theaters lately of love-making that is nauseating in its eternal embracing, reminding one of a recent book criticism in "Life," "when Mr. Charles Major writes about calf love, the air is full of bleats." Well, the Earl of Pawtucket changed all that, and even as they said in the days of Hamlet, we would devoutly remark, "for this relief, much thanks." Willard himself could not have been more delicately reserved in the part of lover than was the gallant Mr. D'Orsay. Of course there was an "aunt," and equally of course her name was Jane. A lady of the surname of Capulet is said to have asked a few centuries ago, "what's in a name?" The comédie has not yet been satisfactorily disposed of but there is assuredly something in "Jane." Could a lady bearing that proud monosyllable be anything but unfinching, fat and forty? We believe not, and this Jane was everything that such a spinster should be, and was called on the programme Miss Louise Symeth. She was a strenuous lady, was Jane, who believed not in masterly inactivity, possessing a voice that would seal even the heart of Bluebeard into the very soles of his boots. The orchestra is beginning to look up and take notice. It actually gave the "Spring Song" in a style that did not set the teeth on edge, and a trombone solo, "The Lost Chord," was so entirely endurable that you could shut your eyes and imagine that it wasn't a Toronto theater at all. The Earl of Pawtucket is a perfect gentleman, who deserves a second term by acclamation.

Joe Murphy and retinue are again with us. Joe's old "stand-by's," "Kerry Gow" and "Shaun Rhue," still make the box office receipts grow taller. Joe himself is now full of riches and fat. As the ardent lover, Dan O'Hara, in "Kerry Gow," and the dutiful son in "Shaun Rhue," Joe's girth has become a trifling pincers. But his tears at his mother's graveside as Larry Donovan are quite as touching, quite as real, as when Joe was a stripling built for the part. And then Joe is said to be so rich. That fact somehow obtrudes itself into one's thoughts and almost unconsciously one begins to estimate how much he has realized in poor tear in the last score of years. Drat it all! I wish Joe had got rich without letting me know about it. I wish he had stayed slender and young. He knows his Irish well, but being rich, he cannot be of his heroes. They are all poor, while his villains are all rich, and when Dan O'Hara denounces the villainies concocted by the rich Hay and tells him what he thinks of his wealth, one knows that Joe Murphy on the stage must be different from Joe off it. But no matter how rich Joe becomes, or how his girth grows, or how old he becomes, Joe Murphy will have an affectionate spot in the hearts of thousands of people, not for what he may be or is, but for what he has shown them.

An attractive bill is being presented at Shea's Theater this week. The audience finds itself in good humor after the first performance on the list, when Ted McKenna appears with his very wise dog. The programme refers to the latter as "the wisest dog in the world," but there are one or two other canines that claim this honor. Be that as it may, this particular specimen displays a marvelous amount of intelligence and is deservedly greeted with a generous share of commendation. Smirf and Keesner appear for "Fun and Dancing." Their dancing is perfection, but the fun, if it depends upon the dialogue, is flat and it would improve matters if this clever pair resorted to something more original in the conversational line. One of the jokes rattled off their reel is that of "getting over the grip," as Smirf hops over a small valve. It might be suggested that they both "get over a stile" and leave some luggage in speech behind. They could afford to do this insomuch that their dancing would win a place for them anywhere. A pretty character sketch is introduced by Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne, entitled, "Bill Biffin's Baby." There are one or two suggestions in this that are of an off-color. Otherwise it is an acquisition to the evening's enter-

tainment. George Schindler, a clever harmonica player, makes a good impression which is followed by the performance of the eccentric comedians, Joe, Myra, and Buster Keaton. This turn provokes laughter from gallery to pit. All three are clever and funny, but little Buster, who saunters on the stage with a shock of brilliant red hair and whiskers to match decorating his old-fashioned child's face, is simply unique. He is introduced as "the brightest little bundle of jollity that ever wriggled into the hearts of an audience," and he certainly won his way into the hearts of those who saw him on Monday night. The next attraction on the programme is "The Vassar Girls." There are eight of them, and they appear in a bright novelty act, armed with youth and beauty, string instruments, pleasing voices and undenied grace, a combination which speaks for itself, and which is used to good advantage. The grand finale in their performance is really "a thing of beauty," a charm being added by electric effects to the Maypole dance. Hoey and Lee, Hebrew comedians, then arrive on the scene. Their songs evidently appeal to the majority of the crowd, judging from the applause they evoke, but their style is not of a very high standard. "The Nine Nelsons" give an acrobatic act that has seldom, if ever, been equalled in Toronto, and the kinetograph closes a clever bill. Altogether Mr. Shea is to be congratulated on the success of the offerings presented at his popular resort for Christmas week.

There are not so many good actresses on the road that the possibility of an addition to the number can be ruled out by anything but interest. Grace George, who makes her first appearance in Canada on Monday evening at the Princess Theater, has won an enviable reputation in the States, and it seems likely that she will be well liked in Toronto. William A. Brady, under whose direction Miss George is en route, presents her in "Pretty Peggy," a piece by Frances Aymar Mathews that ran from March 23 until October 31 at the Herald Square and Madison Square Theaters, New York. In "Pretty Peggy" Miss Mathews has treated rather romantically than accurately of the life of Peg Woffington, the English actress, and of her love for David Garrick. An interesting and picturesque play "Pretty Peggy" is said to be its tale of hearts being set in the agreeable environment of theatrical London a century ago. First the spectator sees Peg Woffington, a dancing girl, riding into the circus booth of Madame Violante at Dublin astride of a mule. Garrick courts her, promises her triumphs in the great city, and induces her to go with him to London. In the green-room of the Covent Garden Theater she is next seen, possessed of her success but less happy because of it than because of her affection for Garrick. During the course of a birthday dinner attended by Colley Cibber and George Anne Bellamy, she hears that David has another sweetheart, but he fights his accuser and she returns to his arms. The third act finds the other sweetheart confronting Peg and telling her miserable story so effectively that the actress throws Garrick's wedding gifts in his face and bids him leave her house. Finally, there is a riot which the player quells before giving way to her heart-break and dying, held close to her lover. Miss George is declared to be nothing short of great in the title role. Her Peggy is a saucy, saucy Irish girl in the first act, a loved and loving woman in the second, an outraged fury in the third, and a very pathetic little figure in the last. She is said to reach the heights of dramatic power in her scene with Garrick. Matinee Wednesday, Saturday and New Year's Day.

A novelty that is sure to delight every child will be one of the features of the New Year's week bill at Shea's Theater. This is Holdin's Manikins, announced to be the most perfectly manipulated figures ever devised. As nothing of this sort has been shown at Shea's for several years, it may be well to explain that a miniature theater is seen on the stage, in which the mechanical figures give a lifelike performance in which comedy, pantomime, acrobatic and dancing specialties are introduced and the mechanical effects are so perfect that one almost believes that these figures are miniature people. At the close of the act a beautiful waterfall, with dissolving effects, makes a most satisfactory finish. Another special attraction will be Poettinger's Swedish Ladies' Quintette in native songs and dances. Another special attraction will be May Edouin and Fred Edwards, who will offer a delightful sketch entitled "A Bachelor's Dream." Snyder and Buckley will be heard in their popular musical comedy, "Blatz Wants a Drink." Their music is always well received and they will probably be one of the hits of the bill. The original Max Wilson troupe of acrobats will be another novelty that will make its first appearance in Toronto. The Dillon Brothers, John and Harry, who are the authors of many popular songs, will make and repair several more in the coming week. These are the young men who wrote the famous song, "Put Me Off at Buffalo." Charles Ernest, a black-faced comedian, will make his initial bow to a Toronto audience on Monday. Harper, Desmond and Bailey in a new comic act hope to dance their way into the good will of Shea's patrons. The kinetograph will show a beautiful holiday picture entitled "Alice in Wonderland." There will be a special New Year's matinee, for which seats may be reserved in advance.



Cupid (to his followers)—This is the Christmas season. For the next week or so your diet will be nothing but mistleto.

Woman and the Bar.

A change in the direction of the lady barrister is greatly to be deplored. Introduce charming woman on the scene, and what man with the ordinary instincts of chivalry but must lower his lance before such an adversary, must feel himself at a disadvantage, disarmed, short of half his fighting strength? And with this feeling, the efficiency of our present system, with its free and equal terms of combat, its frank exchange of friendly buffets, must needs suffer.—"Law Journal."

Why do Men Love Us?

NOTHING could be more edifying than to hear a man discourse upon the folly woman displays in her dress, but does he mean one word of it? Not at all. For years men inveighed against stays, and shrieked for a garment for women that would hang from the shoulders. The Mother Hubbard was invented to meet this crying need. It is the only garment ever devised for women that was simply irreproachable from a hygienic standpoint, and heavenly comfortable from a physical one, but instead of men embracing it, and the women in it, with rapture, they hooted and derided it into the boudoir, and in some places actually got laws passed against wearing it in public. Nor is this all. Man is the instigator of every fashion for women that crabs, cabins and confines. Who invented the skin-tight, uncompromising tailor-made gown? A man—Redfern. Who devised swathing, eel-like skirts that require us to be straight-fronted and as tall as a telephone pole? Another man—Worth. In what country do women rejoice in loose garments and being as fat as they please? In Oriental ones, where they have no man dressmakers, and don't have to catch men, anyway.

As for vanity, if women don't paint because men admire roses on a woman's cheek, in spite of their cry for naturalness; if women don't lace because men are hopelessly committed to the admiration of an hourglass figure; if women don't wear high-heeled shoes because it is only high-heeled shoes that can walk all over a man, then will somebody kindly arise in meeting and tell why, when women get together, free from masculine eyes, they wash off the paint and get out of their stays and into kimonos and flip-flop slippers? In vain do men preach against the irrational and extravagant way in which women dress, while woman sees that the long-trailing, the silk-lined-er, the fluffier and fluffier she is, the more attention does she get from the opposite sex. Every man believes in rational dress for women, but he would rather be caught dead than out with a female who illustrated his theories on the subject.

And tears! A woman's tears! Silly, idiotic, childish, aren't they? Why should a grown woman weep for the thing she wants instead of logically proving her right to it, or independently demanding it? Men honestly set down woman's weeping under such circumstances to some peculiarity of the feminine temperament that they may deplore, but never hope to fathom. In reality the explanation is very simple. Long experience has taught her that the shortest way to get what she wants is by the water way. No man ever listens to a woman's reasons. He doesn't even pay her the compliment of arguing with her. He simply pooh-poohs the entire subject. Tons of logic, mountains of irrefutable facts, are not worth one single, pearly, hypocritical tear, in carrying a point with.

And he likes it. Goodness knows why, but a man is never so fond of a woman as when she is weeping on the second button of his waistcoat, and clinging to him as if she was a wet dishrag. This is a point well understood by married women, and the one whose tear ducts are in easy working order has a cinch at managing her husband. The real reason that the Woman Suffrage Association has never gotten the ballot is because it possesses so few shoulders to weep upon. If the women of the country would set apart a day to cry for the ballot they would get it before nightfall. The mistake they are now making is in trying to convince men by argument and logic that women have a right to vote, and men are not averse to logic from women, but they dissolve in their tears.

In short, that men admire us for our virtues, but love us for our faults, is too apparent to need insisting on. When we come up to their ideal we seldom fire their fancy, and that explains why women are the weak, foolish, unreasonable creatures they are, for there is not a mother's daughter of us who would not rather be loved than be right.—"Ainslee's Magazine."

A Steel-Oil Lullaby.

COMPLEXION VERSUS CONSCIENCE

By CLAIRE DEAK.

A WOMAN of knowledge, poise, sympathy—a woman with a rest-giving face—the sort of person whose premises you take on trust, an aristocrat by right of prejudice and inborn standards, yet a woman who had thought it out, worked it out, lived it out for herself, I mean—such a one put the case for complexion before my prickly-skinned New England conscience; since which talk I have cast disparaging glances whenever my eyes brushed a mirror, and have walked fast by the doors of the beguiling "Beauty Parlors" where the Fountain of Youth may be bought bottled at varying prices and similar tints, if you have faith, courage and the money.

I had lunched at a house in deadly order with a woman who matched it in her possession of the seven deadly virtues, and reaction carried me around the corner to the Charming Person of the Fluencies. The first step within her door relaxed by overwrought disposition. Nothing in the house looked fixed—you had a feeling that you could move things if you wanted to—that nobody would mind and somebody might praise your nice perception of artistic excellence. Then the Person of Charm came down in an emotional gown of red crepe and you felt warm and welcomed.

Her eyes seemed drenched with sky-blue, her fluffed hair shone all autumnal colors, brown, red, russet-gold, her figure was slender, flexed with supple motions, her voice had the quick catch in it that youth and enthusiasm put there; and I knew that she would be thirty-eight on her nearby birthday!

Also I knew that she knew that I knew and that she didn't care. Why should she? Her husband adores her, her face, her works, her companionship; her son is her lover, and her friends are almost her enemies because of envy.

I plunged into gossip and spiteful reminiscence of the luncheon that I had just lived through.

"No wonder she is notoriously a club widow. Her husband can't stand the atmosphere of that house—it's cold storage and she has gone stale in it. Tell me! Why is it? Explain it all, you doves serpent! In this Eden will open gates!"

The Person of Charm is audacious, has the spade habit. There was nothing unturned or unnamed when she left the character of my late hostess.

I knew many things, admitted her charges and only argued the remedy. It was—you are going to be as shocked as was my Boston boarding-school temperament—the remedy for the errant husband, the starched attitudes, the discomfort, the unbreathable air of that house—the remedy was a touch of rouge!

The Person of Charm went on to explain to my disinterested intelligence what she meant by a touch of rouge. Oh, I haven't agreed with her! And after days of the digesting processes, I am no nearer to pinning my cheeks than the superstitious reading of cosmetic advertisements.

The gist of the charming person's explanations and theory was that the unattractive woman of the deadly virtues hadn't compromised with the masculine weakness for frills and frivolities, hadn't competed, as it were, with the charms of the evanescent, the frapperies, which if trivial at first thought yet count excessively in the long run—and marriage is the long run, you know. The charms of lace and fluff, the things you pay money to see on the stage, the littlenesses which make the stage woman a pretty total, a presentation of attractive femininity, a thing you would—if you were a man and dared confess it—a sweet, womanly thing that you would like to have at the breakfast table with you. "And," said the Person of Charm, "I believe that ribbons and ruffles, judiciously applied, make more happy marriages than all the virtues or all the cooks on the American continent."

I interpolated, gasping from a weak effort to follow after the strong minds I had met in club papers and woman's columns.

"But aren't we already over-sexed? We are certainly taught by the advanced thinkers in Femininics that it is this differentiation that's doing it—doing us, I mean, out of Our Rights—whatever they may be—I am sure that I have always had more than mine."

"Of course you have," answered the Person of Charm. "And don't you want to be happy? Wouldn't you rather be happy than have posterity right? For you may have noticed that this pilgrimage isn't long enough to reform your contemporaries first and be happy afterward. Did you ever see a very attractive woman forced to plead for her rights? If you have and she was really attractive—and that includes goodness—why, she got them."

I have looked about me, I have appraised man as he is, not as I would like him to be, and I have chosen my part—perhaps studied a little the way to play it, even how to dress it. My great need is to be loved and my next greatest is to help the people I love—after them the others. To say that you cannot really help unless you are lovable is as true as truth. And lovable? What does it mean? Ask a man, any nice man—I do not limit you at "niceness"—and he will say, if he isn't a phrase-monger:

"Oh, loveliness is being attractive in all sorts of ways."

There you are! "Attractive." And I chose to be attractive as nature and art, in any refined presentment, will allow me to be.

The lark's song is probably not the serious business of a lark's life—this is worm grubbing and larklet futurities, but the world finds the worm only incidental to the manufacture of trills, and trills and frills rhyme prettily, and a rhyme to the wise is always sufficient, isn't it?

I went away from the Person of Charm, musing upon dark things duly, though her talk had been as froth on the deep sea of life.

In my City of the Soul, with a population of one and a house to rent—on a life lease if the right tenant comes along—I may yet take to house painting and decoration if the tenant should seem to warrant the trouble and risk.

In every evil there is a good asleep—far be it from me to make exceptions!

The Man of The Hour.

AT a recent meeting of the Chamberlain Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, Miss Constance Rudyerd Boulton read a most interesting paper on the statesman whose fiscal policy is agitating the Greater Britain. It is difficult to say anything new about "Orchid Joe," but Miss Boulton has succeeded in making even figures refreshing. She thus concludes her thorough study of Chamberlain:

His unpopularity abroad is due to his pugnacious instinct, to the blunt directness of his speeches, the domineering note which unfortunately has roused fear and resentment amongst foreign powers. He lacks practical experience in the wide field of diplomacy. Of the game, as such, of the complex forces brought into play, he appears to have no knowledge. The best friend Mr. Chamberlain has in the world must regret his references to foreign powers; his comparison of Russia with the devil; his hint to France to mend her manners; his reference to Germany that Queensland is bigger than the German Empire. His sentence in his famous "long spoon" speech, in which he appealed on a public platform for an alliance to enable us to "seriously injure Russia" is an example so characteristic of the man and so typical of the spirit of Mr. John Bull that we cannot help admiring the uncompromising courage which throws down the glove of defiance to the world, although diplomacy is, and must be, the delicate mainspring which controls the balance of peace amongst the nations. But it is to love of empire, or lust of empire, if you will, that we must look for the dominant, the overwhelming note of Mr. Chamberlain's later life, and this will surely hand his name down to posterity as one of the greatest men in English public life.

Chamberlain took the office of Colonial Secretary in 1895 and Imperialism in its broadest and most comprehensive sense is the center of his present policy, the aim towards which he is directing all the energies of his powerful and practical nature. His idea of Imperialism is economic. In it he sees a Greater Britain within which England's swelling population may find room to breathe and equalize its enjoyment of life. In a word, Mr. Chamberlain's policy is to establish Imperial Federation by means of a commercial union, and he believes that he can achieve it. There was, of course, little that was original in this policy. In its general lines it was close interpretation of the history of the Imperial Federation movement since 1887, when the Imperial spirit was so roused by our late Queen's first Jubilee.

It was a development of suggestions which had already been made by English public men—Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Goschen, Lord Ripon, and others. Where Mr. Chamberlain was original and as bold as he was original, was in adopting the scheme as a practical policy. Its chief merits, indeed, con-

sisted in its boldness, in the stimulus it was calculated to give, and actually did give, to the sentiment of Imperial solidarity which it stamped with the impress of a constructive statesmanship never before known at the Colonial Office. Three times Chamberlain has changed his mind. Three times he has had the courage to face the abuse and hatred of those from whose opinion he has seceded. Three times he has shown that a man has a right by reason of the process of development, experience and deepest conviction to give up the opinions of previous years and adopt a new creed. Once when he broke up the Liberal party on Home Rule; again when he, the most rabid advocate of Radicalism, joined the Conservative benches under Lord Salisbury, and once again when he, to the confounding of British politicians of all shades of thought, repudiated his South African policy of 1880 to 1885 and determined that the independence of the Boer Republic should cease to exist in 1900.

These changes in his policy have resulted in a hatred and distrust towards him in some quarters almost without parallel in the history of English politics. The controversy as to the rights and wrongs of the South African war and Chamberlain's part in it still rages in a modified form. There are two versions of the part the Colonial Secretary has played in the affairs of South Africa. On the one hand he is represented as an honest man who has dealt wisely with one of the most difficult situations which have ever confronted a British statesman. The other would make him the hero of the most amazing game of bluff which has ever deceived a nation. The mystery of the Jameson Raid bids fair to be forever unsolved, but Mr. Chamberlain's name will ever be indissolubly connected with the South African war.

And yet another great bond of empire evolved from his fertile brain must be referred to in the development of the Colonies. When our Colonial Secretary came to office these colonies comprising West Africa, the West Indies, Jamaica, etc., were in a very poverty-stricken condition. Chamberlain proceeded to grapple with the situation, at once bringing to bear upon it the extraordinary practical business ability and training which has played such a large part in his success. He regarded them as the "undeveloped estates of the Empire." By advocating the investment of England's superfluous wealth in these countries and developing their natural resources, new markets would be created and the old ones revived. Much has been done already for the backward colonies by this wise policy, and the fruits of it will be seen to increase and multiply as time goes on.

Once again Mr. Chamberlain has startled the Empire by the indomitable independence of his spirit and the high courage which support his convictions. Within a few months he has again resigned from his party and faced the uncertainties attending the presentation of his fiscal policy—alone. No one can doubt the intensity of his belief in the cause on which he has embarked, and it was natural that fresh from his Imperial mission, with the incalculable advantages of close union between the Mother Country and the colonies borne in upon him in the most striking and unmistakable manner, and full of the projects by which he thought the existing ties could be so tightened that they might last forever, he should have wished to lose no time in placing the great issues which inspired him before the country. Whether this conception for the welding of empire—one of the grandest and boldest that has ever taken shape in the brain of any man—is carried to a successful issue, must even to the most confident appear one of the uncertainties of the future. But we have the high privilege of watching the great struggle day by day, gathering force as it goes, one of the most surprising interest epochs in the history of nations that it has been the good fortune of any individual to live through.

That Mr. Chamberlain will bring to his task lofty ideals, indomitable courage, a spirit of scrupulous fairness and an unrivaled talent for administration, is surely the belief of those who have studied his character through the manifold phases of his eventful life.

TO HIS MEMORY.

JAMES A. TUCKER.

He met the sunshine of life's day

With open brow;

Hours gold or leaden gray

Are over now.

He looked through weary hours of pain

Not down but up,

Thus, unafraid, could drain

The bitter cup.

So true to friendship's strong demand,

So free from guile,

He gave o'er Death his hand

With trustful smile.

Though all too soon in wintry gold

His sun went down,

Ne'er braver knight of old

Won wreath or crown.

—J. G.

I must do my own work and live my own life in my own way, because I'm responsible for both.—"The Light that Failed."



POLITICS EVEN IN THE POLICE COURT.

Police Magistrate Denison—Hello, Mary Eliza! You here again? Mary Eliza—I'm being prosecuted for vagrancy, but I'm being persecuted for politics. My 'usband's brother's hench made a affidavit." Denison—Here; that'll do.

Mary Eliza—I'm being chased from mornin' to night an' I'll soon be under the sod—

Denison—Three dollars or thirty days.

Charlotte Wiehe.
—"The Theater."

A Jap's Jest.

THE Christmas dinner was nearly over; a solemn-faced butler whose name was Kobe and two white-capped maids known as Margaret and Sarah were removing the crumbs accruing from seven courses. Fine damask and crystal glistened and looked as polished and refined in their way as the group of merry people that surrounded the hospitable board of "The Cedars." There were twenty-seven happy, smiling faces at the table.

Three generations of the O'Connors were represented: grandfather and grandmother, father and mother; then came no less than eleven younger members, who answered to the good old name. They called themselves Canadians and they were Canadians, but now and then the soft music of a "shure" or a "faith" or a chance "begorrah" whispered "Ould Oireland" and one knew that the strains came honestly as he looked at a Patrick or a Norah. Fifteen O'Connors and a dozen guests, all cracking nuts and jokes or toying with bonbons and salted almonds. Good old champagne and sherry had been sipped by the "grown-ups," but the "youngsters" had been forced to feel content with a smile sweetly at a very delicate form of claret cup. They smiled. Laughter was in the air and the conversation turned on "fun."

"What's your definition of fun, grandad?" Patrick asked.

"Shure this, just this," with a gesture that included everyone and everyone, "is fun enough for me, me boy," the old man replied.

The question went round until it reached little Willie, with the chubby face and golden curls, who promptly answered the incorrigible Patrick's "Now, what would you rather do than anything else?" with a—"Get even with you for shtal-ing my new—"

Here mamma interfered, and Patrick of seventeen years looked unutterable things that boded ill for the small brother munching raisins.

Patrick's rosy face had grown rosier. Winifred Mercer, the pretty girl with the big blue eyes, was looking at him and for once he felt embarrassed. But he continued: "Your turn, mother."

Mrs. O'Connor assured him gently it was "fun enough" for her to see them all happy.

"Yes, mother, I believe you'd let us just do anything, all for the fun of it. Now, wouldn't you? Say to-night, for instance?"

"Certainly, Patrick, I give you all carte blanche to do just as you like for this one night in the year."

"Christmas comes—" began the head of the house.

"And you, father?" chimed in Norah.

A chorus of voices raised an eager appeal.

"Go ahead!" said Mr. O'Connor.

"Faith an' we will!" shouted Patrick.

Kobe the Jap was very late that night in taking coffee to the drawing-room, and when he did arrive his imperturbable face wore a look of dismay that staggered the old folks and middle-aged who were gathered about the big grates fire. Kobe's nearest approach to a smile was struggling for mastery with the distress that was plainly written in his eye.

The sounds of laughter and song that had floated along the corridor from the distant billiard-room seemed suddenly lulled. A spirit of mischief pervaded the atmosphere. The coffee was left to get cold. Kobe had retreated, with an ap-pealing frown and a ghastly grin, murmuring to himself, "F-u-n-n-y."

Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor looked at each other and then glanced at "granddad" and "granny," who were on the verge of hysterics and then they all marched in solemn dignity down the hall. The odor of champagne and sherry greeted them everywhere.

The jingling of sleighbells and the echo of "We won't go home till morning" reached them from the winding carriage drive. Where were the youths and maidens in their teens? They were gone.

A bevy of small O'Connors were lying fast asleep on the dining-room floor. Two sorry-looking maids were securely tied to the seat in the big bay window. Mr. O'Connor shook his big bald head and muttered "champagne." Mrs. O'Connor looked aghast and whispered, "sherry."

There was a mystery and the secret was locked away in the happy heart of Kobe the Jap, who grinned delightedly and rattled the keys in the window when he peeped through the crack of his pantry door. No one else quite understood, but nestling in a bed of holly and mistletoe on the polished table was a placard on which was shakily scribbled "It was only for fun!"

The Cost.



Jarrod—What did that diamond cost that you gave Dolly for Christmas?

Harold—Well, I gave forty dollars for the stone, and ten dollars to the clerk to tell Dolly it cost two hundred dollars if she brought it back to price it!

The Dunmow Flitch.

The Dunmow Flitch of Bacon is said to have been instituted in the time of Henry III. The flitch is a matrimonial prize for which happy couples, who have never quarreled during the first year of their married life, strive to establish their claims before an impartial jury composed of six maidens and an equal number of bachelors. There is a judge, arrayed in full-bottomed wig, and advocates plead for and against the claims of the suitors. The examination and cross-examination of the claimants occasion much mirth; and when the couples are pronounced worthy of the flitch, they are chaired and carried round the meadow, finally halting at an open-air stage, where they publicly take the oath, kneeling on rough stones.

The customary oath is to the following effect:

You do swear by custom of confession
That you never made nuptial transgression,
Nor since you were married man and wife,
By household brawls or contentious strife,
Or otherwise at bed or board,
Offended each other in deed or word,
Or in a twelvemonth's time and a day
Repented not in thought anyway,
Or since the church clerk said "Amen,"
Wished yourselves unmarried again,
But continue true and in desire
As when you joined hands in holy quire.

As soon as the bacon has been claimed, the court proceeds to pronounce sentence:

Since to these conditions without any fear
Of your own accord you do freely swear,
A whole gammon of bacon you do receive,
And bear it away with love and good leave;
For this is the custom of Dunmow well known;
Though the pleasure be ours, the bacon's your own.

It has been cynically stated that the flitches have never been fairly won except at the very first competition, when two couples successfully formulated their claims. The first couple was a sea captain and his wife, who had not seen each other after the wedding until the day the prize was awarded; the second was an honest pair who resided in the near neighborhood, the husband being a man of plain, common sense and an equable temper—the woman was dumb. Dr. Brewer maintained that the revival of this "premium for humbug" was a mere get-up for the benefit of the town. This is largely borne out by the programme of the proceedings of the day, which includes pony races, variety shows, and a host of other holiday attractions for the thousands of visitors who crowd into the little town on the day of the annual observance.

We Eat Too Much

We eat too fast, we exercise little, we overwork our nerves. The stomach and bowels get clogged. (Constipation.) The liver gets upset. (Biliousness.) And attending these two simple ailments come all kinds of diseases and complications.

Hunyadi Jaro's

Nature's Laxative Water
CURE FOR ALL YOUR TROUBLES
Dose: Half a Tumbler or Rising

Anecdotal.

"Don't you think," asked Mrs. Oldcastle, "that the new minister is inclined to be pedantic?" "Oh, I don't know, Josiah thinks so, but it might be anything but the prickly heat." —Chicago "Record-Herald."

Representative Fred Landis of Indiana, who said he had come to Congress because there was nothing else to do, is thin. He was sitting in a street car when a fat man came in and sat down in his lap. "I beg your pardon," said the fat man. "It's all right," Landis replied; "but tell me, did you think I was painted on the bench?"

There has always been a little friendly enmity between W. S. Gilbert and a rival humorist, Sir Francis Burnand, the present editor of "Punch." Once at a dinner-table someone said: "I suppose you often get good things sent in by outsiders." "Occasionally," answered Burnand. "Then why don't you print them?" said Gilbert.

Joseph Jefferson caught a trespasser fishing in his well-stocked lake on his Louisiana farm the other day. The venerable actor went up to him and called his attention to the fact that he was fishing in a private preserve, in violation of the law. The stranger smiled, sadly. "You are mistaken, sir," he replied: "I'm not catching your fish; I'm feeding them. I haven't landed one, and my bait's nearly all gone."

Mr. W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, who is at present in America delivering a course of lectures, is intensely opposed to what he considers the "old-fogey" traditions of the University at Dublin. During his visit to Yale, Mr. Yeats was one of the instructors if he were of a certain venerable play at the Dublin institution. "No," he said, "I don't know; but I have heard that the age of all the professors at DUBLIN UNIVERSITY is one million, five hundred thousand years."

Professor T. N. Carver tells an amusing story of a clergyman friend, who, upon one of his trips through the West, observed that almost every man he met and spoke with profanity. Finally he found one man who talked to him for twenty minutes without using an oath. As they were about to separate the clergyman shook hands with the stranger, and said: "You don't know how glad I am to have a chance to have a talk with a man like you. You are the first man I have met for three days who could talk for five minutes without swearing." The stranger was so surprised and shocked at this deplorable state of affairs that he instantly and innocently ejaculated: "Well, I'll be damned!"

The House Conundrum Club had a short sitting. Just as the president, the Hon. Thomas Kyle of Ohio, was about to state the object of the meeting the Hon. Fred Landis of Indiana butted in and said: "I've got a new one." "Well," said all the members expectantly. "What is a door not a door?" "Great heavens!" groaned President Kyle, "has it come to this? Young man, the fact that you have been in Congress only a few days saves you. That is the first conundrum that ever was." "Is that so?" said Landis defiantly. "Well, then, what's the answer?" "When it is ajar," whispered the united membership, with

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averted faces. "Wrong!" shouted Landis triumphantly. "You fellows are not so good. When it's a negress."

George Ade, in the early days of his career, before his "Fables in Slang" had brought him fame, called one morning in Chicago upon a Sunday editor, on a mission from a theatrical manager. "I have brought you this manuscript," he began; but the editor, looking up at the tall, timid youth, interrupted. "Just throw the manuscript in the waste-basket, please," he said. "I'm very busy just now, and haven't time to do it myself." Mr. Ade obeyed calmly. He resumed: "I have come from the —— Theater, and the manuscript I have just thrown in the waste-basket is your comic fare of 'The Erring Son,' which the manager asks me to return to you with thanks. He suggests that you sell it to an undertaker, to be read at funerals." Then Mr. Ade smiled gently and withdrew.

In the absence of a minister, Judge James E. Read, who was born and lived in Kentucky before moving to Western Kansas, was once unexpectedly called upon to say a few words at the burial, near Fort Smith, of a man who was comfortably well off in worldly possessions, but neglectful of his spiritual welfare. "My friends," the judge said, solemnly, "we are gathered here to-day to pay a final tribute to our friend, who has already solved the mysteries of the great hereafter. He did not have the reputation of a religious man, and yet he lived the life of a noble Kentucky gentleman. He had good horses, and he smoked 'em. He had good whisky, and he drank it. He had good game-cocks, and he fit 'em, for such is the kingdom of heaven."

Rice Alexander Pierce of Tennessee had just concluded an impassioned speech of five minutes, in which he had torn to tatters the Republican party's tariff position as revealed in its efforts in behalf of Cuba. The Hon. Ike Hill, Democratic whip, succeeded in reaching him to offer congratulations before he had taken his seat and while the Democrats were yet cheering. "That was a great speech," said Hill, "but while you were talking an idea came to me that would simply swamp 'em. They couldn't get a yam from it." "Let me have it quick," said Pierce. "I'll ask for another minute." Hill's brows contracted and he gave an imitation of an understudy in a heavy thinking part. "Quick!" said Pierce. "Somebody else will ask for the floor." Colonel Ike scratched his head for a moment and appeared to be in pain. "By gad! Rice," he said, "do you regret that idea has slipped my mind entirely."

That there is nothing new under the sun is as true now as in the days of Solomon. No doubt much of Roman prowess was due to the universal use of baths by all classes. The modern tendency is to return to the use of natural treatment. Unquestionably the waters compounded in Nature's laboratory are the best remedial agents, chief among these, from medical references, in the "St. Catharines Well," located in St. Catharines, the "Garden City" of Canada. Here will be found every facility for rest, recuperation and comfort where exists a happy combination of family hotel life and sanitarium attachments for those desiring same. It is time that Canadians were sensible of the resources of their own country and that it is not necessary to go over the border to procure either the necessities or the luxuries of life.

What "Dixie" Did.

Brigadier-General "Jack" Hayes was an aide on the staff of General Kilpatrick during the Civil War.

When a hand-organ began playing "Dixie" the other night he left his seat in front of a local hotel and went into the house.

"Why don't you like 'Dixie?'" asked a friend.

"On our march to the sea," said General Hayes, "we were tearing up a railroad, building bonfires of the ties and laying the rails across them until heated red-hot and then twisting them about trees and telegraph-poles. A bunch of Confederates attacked us. General Kilpatrick ordered me to take out three hands and begin playing, hoping to delay the main attack until we had destroyed railroad communication.

"I deployed the bands and they gave the Rebs the finest line of music they ever heard. Finally all of them stopped.

"Play more patriotic airs," I ordered.

"We don't know any more," said the three bandmasters in concert.

"Well, give 'em 'Dixie,'" I said.

The bands played "Dixie" and those Confederates let out the rebel yell and started for us and gave us the worst licking we got on the march to the sea. That's why I don't seem to like "Dixie."

—San Francisco "Bulletin."

As the gas bill of a "portable" theater showing in a provincial town for a month had not been paid at the week's end (when it became due), a man appeared on the Monday night following to cut off the supply if the bill were not paid on the spot.

The doorkeeper remonstrated with him, pointing out that the manager was on the boards at the time and could not possibly leave the stage for an hour.

"No," said the gasman, obdurately, "I'm going to cut it off now."

"Hold hard," said the doorkeeper; "I will go and tell the manager."

Disguising himself in a huge red cloak and a great felt hat with a drooping feather, and with a sword at his side, he walked on to the stage with the words: "Behold, my lord, the man stands at the castle gate waiting to be remunerated for the glimmers, and if not seen instantly darkness threatens us."

The Manager (taking in the situation) "Go; I follow thee."

Oxford "Freshers."

You may search Ceylon or Scotland, Europe, Asia, cold or hot land, but as long as green is green and grass is flesh

You will never see a sight To amaze you and delight Like the fascinating Fresher who is fresh. —The "Isis," Oxford.

LADY GAY'S COLUMN

AT this time of year one has rosy views of humanity, for humanity is at its best. People are kind and generous and forgiving and sympathetic in a very heartsome and blessed way, and one recognizes lots of good in erstwhile grumpy folk, which responds and expands to the genial atmosphere of Christmastide. It will be well to remember during the coming year that one saw old Stiffneck carrying five parcels, and Madame Kalomine flushing naturally over the diverse draggings of three small pairs of hands. And perhaps it will do us good to reflect on the genial pose we are taking ourselves, overlooking much tiresomeness and selfishness which we don't ourselves possess, and finding counterbalancing attractions in those who try us and impose upon us. I can fancy nothing more acutely painful than an arrangement at Christmas time; one would needs be in conflict with all the timeliness and would suffer horribly from that, even if not on personal grounds. The scoff at Christmas celebrations has missed the deep, sweet benefit it is to all humanity, apart from its religious significance entirely. Our souls are sensitive to sweet suggestions of general impulse, our minds are worn upon by the persistent iteration of the season's shibboleths, we find ourselves better tuned, softer hearted, more reciprocal, responsive and accessible when all around rouses and appeals to our gentler, broader, kinder traits, and if for this only, let the bells ring, the merry voices sing, and the whole city glow and shine with Christmas cheer.

Amid the jollification there rings for those who make this paper one minor chord. It may not be amiss to mention it, only in tribute to the bright mind, the sensitive soul and loyal, loving heart which will never again unite their efforts to make interest and pleasure for the readers of "Saturday Night." He was known to some of you as "Lance," and under other descriptive noms de plume, the earnest, the exquisitely painstaking, the thoughtful and sympathetic, the quaintly humorous, the good comrade and affectionate friend and co-worker of Lady Gay, has passed from the known to the unknown, having come a step on from what we are to what we may be. There is universal regret and sorrow in our circle, and from the gravest head to the littlest boy we mourn him, and our thoughts and sympathy are with the young widow and girlie whom he loved so well and of whom he was so proud. Only once in our years of work together did the business of our calling bring us into conflict, and the result was a sudden awakening to the depth and worth of our mutual understanding and esteem, which transformed a dispute into the recognized beginning of a real friendship. I am sure that had it been for me to have gone through the gates first, there would have been a far nobler, far better expressed and more valuable tribute than the few poor words of affectionate regret and personal loss which I whisper to his memory.

The English mail is in! What doesn't mean to some of us? As the letters rained in through the letter-box, or the letter-slit, more properly, I had a great surprise (I always do, not counting on them, you know!), and it was only a question of which one first, as I gobbled over my prizes. There was the "royal friend," a woman, good people who say such is not to be believed, with her little daintily written word of greeting; the "Baby," also; you who have read this column for years will remember her and our sky-larking time awhirl in Old Erin; she sends me a two-leaved photo of herself and her "baby," for a good many things, babies included, can come into one's visiting list in four years. My very dearest friend of all, who has the power to make me long for beautiful England than anyone else, sends a couple of exquisite amateur Cambridge photos of Rickman's Bridge over the Cam, and a glimpse of the Tower of St. John's Chapel, with a bit of the Cam, and, as I live! a boat with two people in it, that might as well be ourselves as we rowed there one heavenly day last year! Among my English mail I find the "best word" from Norway, from Berlin, from sleepy Hanover, from dainty Dresden, from the capital of the Nile, with a stray picture postcard with avenues of magnolias from California upon it. This last is signed, "Yours, 'The Disagreeable Man,'" and recalls a shipmate of rare vintage, who lent me Beattie Haraden's book, and of whom I am reminded, after long years, by his nickname on the ship.

A woman asked me what I could easiest save money for yesterday, and without a moment's hesitation I said, "for traveling expenses." I have tried to lay by for my age, for rainy days, for time of sickness, and after having accumulated a respectable sum and becoming quite miserly over it, there has come the call of the sea, the longing of my soul for it, and bang goes no sacrifice, even cent in the bank, and I cheerfully contemplate the freeeward in the hospital or the particular bay window in the aged ladies' home, from which I hope to have seen gapedes, if all else fails me. As for rainy days, of well, I have three good umbrellas, and I like the wet. One of the best dividends of these reckless investments of capital is just now strewn before me. I call it the English mail, but it is really the harvest of that investment in boat tickets and train tickets which the hard-hearted have extorted from me for the last score or more of years. And I would rather have these memories and these reminders than any amount of coupons to cut. There is just one country where I leave the harvest without the English mail, but it is really the harvest of that investment in boat tickets and train tickets which the hard-hearted have extorted from me for the last score or more of years. And I would rather have these memories and these reminders than any amount of coupons to cut. There is just one country where I leave the harvest without the English mail, but it is really the harvest of that investment in boat tickets and train tickets which the hard-hearted have extorted from me for the last score or more of years. And I would rather have these memories and these reminders than any amount of coupons to cut.

CORRESPONDENCE COUPON

The above Coupon must accompany every geographical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Geographical studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

March.—Perhaps you have since seen your answer. Your birthday brings you under the Aries sign, and one apt to have a fiery temperament, and one apt to have and express opinions. The Aries people will not endure dictation nor coercion. They are independent and determined, and must have inspiration. You have it and a buoyant and dominant will. I can really not delineate you a second time.

CURIOSITY.—You are practical, capable of much energy, and full of vim, dash and impulsive and energetic, self-reliance and tenacity. It looks a somewhat nervous study, not always as cautious as it might be, but with plenty of inspiration and courage. Go to little mother. "Tis a great business you're in! Don't undervalue it or yourself!

SCOTCH THISTLE.—I am two days later than you. I did what you expect to do, and it was "no" that I got. I am not the sort who want to be wildly laudatory. Your study is quite excellent and your method clever and very economical

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kill your little kinsmen of the wild, go, and take your guns; when the snow falls and drifts and piles up, go, and take jacks of cards and chess and snowshoes and—knitting, for you may be stalled in mid-island for weeks, as travelers were last year. Whenever you go, may the love of that little island come and remain in your hearts as in mine!

LADY GAY.

Champagne and Chewing Gum.

Gum has lost prestige. Wax, as it was often called in the elegant vernacular, is no longer furnished in the best houses. Does the small boy still strip the slippery elm and retain the bark for a long season's chewing? Are the features of American life passing from us?

Ice water is slightly relaxing its arbitrary sway, but the change is slow, and the tinkle of the ice-pitcher is still the poetic feature of the American hotel. Ice cream soda seems to hold its own, and ice cream soda and chewing gum have been the sentimental meeting-ground of our youths and maidens. Can it be because we are growing old that we no longer see young boys and girls exchanging gum, or chewing in silent sympathy? It is, however, a wide country, and unnecessary mastication may possibly be as frequent as it ever was.

In the more conspicuous ruts, however, old wives have given way to new. If fewer leading citizens dislodge their dental fillings by chewing gum, more of them acquire indigestion and gout from elevated standards of diet and dress.

Once champagne stood for rare cost and wickedness. It suggested France, chorus girls and gamblers. "A champagne supper" was a term too exciting for carelessness use. America has grown rich, and champagne flows like water in her towns. She has stopped eating "sinkers," pie and leather steak, and keeps her dyspepsia now by more expensive means.

Five minutes for refreshments has given place to ample time to eat too much. The dentists and the doctors lose little by the change. Imperialism and trade have made us one of the family of nations. We once had our special devices for undermining health; now every year brings us nearer to the proper social methods.

We drink tea at five now, and not, as our old maid used to do, with bread at six. A good many of us eat and drink so much at night that for breakfast we only wish to nibble at an egg. The trade has increased immensely in coffee, tea and champagne. It will more than atone for any falling off in hot wet bread and chewing gum.

—"Coffier's Weekly."

Old Fort Garry.—This is a generous, bright, and rather attractive study, prudent, thoughtful and sensible, temper is good, will fairly dominate, adaptability fair and good, and tact good. You don't think writing is quite developed. You are somewhat discreet and not over-trustful, and you will probably put your stamp on your work, but you are under criticism. There is a good deal of dash and fire about you.

Mr. Capoon.—This is as near as I can come to your signature. Your writing is very unsatisfactory as a study, being in want of direction and control and yielding to the practice of chasing after the fad. Your writing is clever, practical and little sympathetic. Your own writing is much more eloquent. It shows a very independent and self-reliant nature, courageous and frank, and a desire to keep your own counsel.

Curly Wig.—Vanilla is a good place, but October is a bad month to be born in. I, however, require the exact day of your birth. After the 22nd, the influence gradually changes. Your writing is clever, magnetic and full of inspiration. You are good and domineering in taste, and your penmanship is not firm. You can easily cast into the depths. You can think quickly, but not always logically. It is the true Libra. You should have a pure October development. If you don't rise and get on, it won't be your fault.

Maudie H. (Belleville).—Open a, open o, open mouth. You never could keep a secret, nor suspect a fellow mortal. It was just like you to run over your own name. Your writing is bright, impulsive, averse to emotional influences, not very logical, honest, careful and optimistic in temperament.

intense liking for conventionality and their desire to be always in keeping with the occasion. They think a good deal of themselves, are servile to them, but hurt others. Your writing is clear, probity, refinement and self-respect, with some elegance of taste, correctness of style, and not a particularly clear memory. There is a bold, clear, charming study, intelligent, feminine and assured. Yet, anyone I know of strongly marked character has the leading traits marked in their handwriting.

CURLY W

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

On Buying Things Abroad.

By Jerome Hart.
W^HAT traveler has not dreamed of drinking genuine curacao in the little island where grow the orange groves of Curacao? Of sipping the real Turkish coffee in Turkey? Of smoking the authentic Egyptian cigarettes in Egypt? Of eating rich, melting, luscious Smyrna figs in Smyrna? Of washing one's hands with the only original Castile soap castiled in fair Castle?

How do these travelers' dreams materialize? Alas and alack! They are but clouds and shadows. They don't come true.

For on the beautiful islet in the Leeward Island group where grew the groves of Curacao orange-trees in the aforesaid, there are now none. But the world, being used to the flavor of the Curacao oranges in its curacao, will tolerate no other. So the world has its way. The liqueur curacao is still made in large quantities, but it is not a Curacao liqueur. It is made out of everything—as it is an orange liqueur, even of oranges sometimes; but the Amsterdam house that handles it largely is said to make it mostly out of potato alcohol and prune juice.

How about the delicious Egyptian cigarettes? The delicate Egyptian tobacco? Alas again! The native Egyptian tobacco is so bad that nobody smokes it but the natives, and not even they when they can get anything else. In Egypt, as in so many places, the tobacco comes from somewhere else. The highest grade tobacco there apparently is imported from Europe—from Roumelia. The next best comes from Northern Syria—the best-known grade of this tobacco being known to Europeans as "Latakia," although not so called in Egypt. Persian tobacco is also imported. In short, Egypt imports the tobacco, the wrappers, the boxes, and the smokers, and then you have the Egyptian cigarette.

"But still," contends the enthusiast, "there can be no coffee like the genuine Turkish coffee. Ah, think of the Arabian Nights! And Scheherezade! And Lady What's-Her-Name, the English peeress who wore Turkish trousers, lived in Turkey for years, and sipped Turkish coffee with Turkish pashas. And of the bearded Sheiks in the desert—with bubble-bubble pipes—and harems of beautiful black-eyed hours—all sitting on divans—and all sipping coffee—with all the comforts of a home—out in the desert! Come, now! You must give in on the Turkish coffee."

To this I can only reply that they may have had good coffee in Turkey in the time when Sultan Haroun-al-Raschid walked his city's streets incognito, but they have not now. You can get better Turkish coffee (so called) in New York than in Turkey; you can get much better Turkish coffee in the Hoffman House, than you can in Stamboul, Pera, Scutari, Smyrna, Beyroot, Jerusalem or Cairo.

How about the luscious figs of Smyrna? Well, my experience was that the nearer we got to Smyrna the poorer grew the figs. When we reached Beyroot they were pretty bad; when we were off Smyrna, the peddlers brought some aboard that were very bad; when we got ashore at Smyrna, we were offered some on the quay that were worse; in the hotel they were wormy, and when we got into the heart of Smyrna the figs were able to walk around the dealer's counter. It is a cold fact that we have purchased in the leading groceries of San Francisco very much finer Smyrna figs than we have seen in Smyrna.

If it be asked how can Smyrna figs be purchased in San Francisco which are superior to the Smyrna figs on sale in Smyrna, the answer is that they are specially selected and specially packed. They are stamped in English on the boxes "Packed by Turkish labor." Some of them are stamped "Washed Figs." From the fig-dealers and handlers I saw in Smyrna, I think it much more essential that the fig-handlers should be washed.

I used to be very fond of Smyrna figs before I went to Smyrna.

I have not eaten any since.

I shall never eat any again.

Never mind why.

The subject of washing naturally brings me back to soap. In Castle I found no Castile soap. They did not know what I meant; they had never heard of Castile soap. This irritated me, so I began investigating the Castile-soap problem. I learned—or was told—that Castile soap is not made in Castle; it is not sold in Castle; it is not used in Castle; that it is made in Marseilles out of olive oil imported from Palestine. Thus we note this strange anomaly—the name given to a soap comes from a country which knows naught of this particular soap, it is manufactured in a city using little or no soap, out of materials coming from a country which uses no soap at all.—The "Argonaut."

An Age of Superlatives.

A LL agree that the times in which we are living shall be called the age of electricity, but there is nothing to prevent giving this swift-moving epoch still another name. Why not call it the age of superlatives? Nowadays the average person never strikes a balance. He forces up the scales with one hand or presses them down with the other, and promptly announces that the thing weighed is the best or the worst. Nothing is just good or merely bad. It must be given a superlative. Thus two lovers are always the happiest people in the world, the unhappiest Happy and unhappy people don't begin to express their feelings. Take the phrasing of ordinary letters between women. Cutest, finest, prettiest, ugliest and such words abound on every page. As to such words, the missive is a perfect jungle of superlatives. Letters of friendship between men are little better. They, too, take most of their words off the top shelf. One hundred per cent. of villainy is generally attributed to enemies and the same amount of praise to friends. Things seen fare as royally or as meanly, according to the way they affected the writer.

Country correspondents of newspapers have an apparently unbreakable habit of sending in stories of the "most disastrous" fires, "the worst storm that ever visited this section," the death of the "most prominent" citizens in the "most diabolical" crime, etc. What these writers would do without the word "most" arouses a curiosity that will never be satisfied. The "most disastrous" fire



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may not have caused over a thousand dollars' loss; the "worst" storm may have confined its capers to blowing down a few fence rails and turning over a cowshed; the "most" prominent citizen may have been just a plain storekeeper, and the "most diabolical crime" may have been an ordinary butchery, but the country correspondent has the superlative habit and thinks it is part of his duty to go the limit on everything. As a rule, the editor who reads the copy carefully removes the superlatives. Often he warns the correspondent, but the offending continues. In the age of superlatives the man who uses them is a slave to environment.

Shift the scene to the metropolis. There even the boothblack puts out a sign reading, "Best shine in the city." Go higher, and nearly every merchant has the "best goods" at the "cheapest price." Everywhere one is offered the "greatest bargains." Theatrical posters tell of the cleverest people, the funniest plays and the grandest productions. Not long ago a vandeville performer was advertised as "the craziest soubrette on the American stage." That certainly is the limit for superlatives. The habit is in full swing. Who shall find a cure?

Reserve Force.

In these days of hurry and worry and bustle most people, men and women, are living up to the "limit." That is to say, they use up day by day all the force and energy nature provides, and consequently have nothing in reserve to meet the extra demand of illness, bereavement or other nervous shocks. Of course this is all wrong, and we must either live differently or assist nature to furnish the reserve force we should possess.

And this tea quarrel?

"Thad's him! thad's him!" exclaimed the little fan lady eagerly. "Quarrel? that'd mos' gran' word—not 'mad'—quarrel—I lig—that—quarrel."

"Tell me about it," I prompted.

"I tell, yaes. My uncle he sell bad tea an'—mak'—no much money; that man—my frien'—yaes, he sell mos' bes' tea and mak' an'—money—much money.

My uncle—he lies, he—ah, whad you say? yes, cheats. Thad niz man—he don't lie—he always—fraid for lie—he nevar don't put bad stuff—I don't know 'Merican word—mak' tea like pitty?"

"Yaes, 'dye.' My uncle he always dye his tea. Thad Japanese—sen' clean tea to 'Merica—so!"

"And you are really going home next week? But not alone, surely!"

"Oh, no! Oh, no! Highness, Yokime, he tak' me—back—he tea merchant."

"How we shall all miss you, sweet child!" I said tenderly.

We social idlers loved her as one loves a pet canary. Her bright eyes gladdened with appreciation.

"I—habby my honorable ladies so lig—me," she answered simply.

Then, excusing herself a moment, she vanished behind a gorgeous screen.

In another moment she was back.

In the folds of her kimono she had something.

"I mak' a—bes'—present—you ver' size with Japanese—maiden; here is a lil'—box of those tea."

"Not your 'tear of gold'!" I exclaimed, astounded by her generosity, for the tea was of fabulous value.

"Yaes, Highness, thad Japanese—he told me—in a letter—to give at the ver' last—all that gold tea to my august ladies that they think—for me—some time, when I—be in—Japan," she murmured dreamily. "He nevar give—he give—that bes' gran' teo—to me—I sell—mak' heaps money—to—bring home—to—my—honorable father. Thad Japanese nevar, oh! whad you say—charge? Yaes! nevar charge me aeyn money. My honorable father lig—hear thad—an'—"

"He will?"

"He will—say—to my uncle—he mus' also lig—those—man."

"You mean your father, having all that money, will be able to persuade your rich uncle to give his consent to your marriage to—"

"Those—man," answers Tea-Blossom with continued but polite reserve.

She is gone! Not a vestige of her dainty little tea-room remains.

No one knows even her real name.

She would never disclose it.—"Lippincott's Magazine."

"I—don't—lik—for—tell" she said softly.

I had no pity. "You must tell me," I said gently, but firmly.

"I—mus'" she repeated innocently;

then, with a rapt gaze into space, she spoke as though looking at some form beyond my vision.

Those—man thad wait for—me—is the mos' niz man in Japan, he's bes', yaes, he's bes'—as what—you call—those Great Augustness—those Pres-i-dant!

Yaes, 1—lig him," she said shyly, then with delicious naivete explained, "thad

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How to Manage a Wife.

A great many methods have been suggested as to the best way to manage a husband, but up to date no one has thought it best to guide the poor husband. The following will therefore be found the best way to manage a wife. It has never been known to fail.

Never contradict her. You are right, of course, nine times out of ten, and she knows it, but to tell her so makes her always unmanageable.

Never oppose her. When she suggests that in the absence of the cook you get up and light the fire, do so at once, willingly and cheerfully. If she wishes you to walk the floor with the baby obey with alacrity.

Never deny her. Possibly she will exceed her allowance, but this is always your fault, because you are not man enough to support her.

Never cross. When you come home at night, having failed once or twice during the day, or been insulted by a total stranger, or with a large, powerful pain in your stomach, laugh it off, and conceal your real feelings.

Never tell her the truth. When she asks you how she likes her new hat swear that it's the greatest thing for the money you ever saw. When she shows you her new gown, be lost in admiration. When she is cross and irritable, tell her she is an angel.

Never disagree with her. When she suggests that you have a cold and need a hot mustard plaster, grin and bear it. When she tells you she needs a change, tell her that you are glad she mentioned it.

Never interrupt her. This is the only way to manage a wife.—Tom Masson.

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enough for the elder brother, and he strode at once towards the prodigal.

"Bessie," he demanded sternly, "do you want to go to Hell?"

Without a moment's hesitation the

string was dropped, up scrambled the fat little legs, and off trotted Bessie towards the door, calling over her shoulder:

"Jus' wait till I get my hat, Ha'wy."

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.



A DELIGHTFUL social and musical function was the concert of the Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society at the King Edward Hotel on Thursday evening of last week. The society is a new organization, having for its objects the periodical holding of musical reunions and the assisting of young musicians with talent in obtaining a first-class training. The orchestra is at present composed of string players—all ladies—and is under the conductorship of Herr Heinrich Klingenfeld. The concert was attended by a brilliant gathering of well-known music lovers, and was honored by the presence of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Clark. The programme was varied in character, but contained two representative compositions in the "Andante and Variations" from Schubert's grand quartette in D minor, and the Tchaikowsky "Andante Cantabile," op. II, both of which are favorites with the public, despite the intense sadness of their melodies. Both works were played with much smoothness and sweetness, the interpretation showing the inspiration of an experienced musician at rehearsals. A noteworthy solo number was Max Bruch's Hebrew melody, "Kol Nidrei," which was played by Mr. Paul Hahn on the violoncello, with distinction of tone and warm expression. Miss Heloise Keating contributed a harp solo by Oberthür, which was charmingly executed. One of the features of the concert was the singing of Mrs. Hooker, whose rich-colored voice and finished style were the theme of admiring comments from the audience. Mrs. Hooker decidedly won a triumph on this her first appearance here in public. Mr. Robert Stuart Piggott added to the enjoyment of the evening by contributing a jolly Irish song, which he rendered with plenty of animation. The personnel of the orchestra is as follows: First violins, Mrs. S. T. Church, Mrs. Clute, Miss Muriel Millichamp, Miss Florence Kitchen, Miss K. Patterson, Miss Kenny, Miss Acheson, Miss Isabel Gordon; second violins, Mrs. T. D. Delamore, Mrs. Grayson Smith, Mrs. Harold Phillips, Miss Edith Sweetman, Miss Winnifred Andrew, Miss Bruce Fraser, Miss Margarette Wedd; violas, Miss Luttrell and Miss E. Connor; harp, Miss Keating; cellos, Mrs. Harley Roberts, Miss Gibson, Miss May Creighton; piano and organ, Miss E. H. Mockridge.

Miss Bertha Kerr, who has been for some time leading contralto at the Church of the Redeemer, has been appointed contralto soloist at Elm Street Methodist Church.

Mr. Courtney Brown, a former Torontonian, well known as a popular tenor, recently sang with the Montreal Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Jean Joulet, and won a gratifying success. The "Sunday Sun" says that his well-trained and sweet voice is bound to give him a high standing among Montreal's vocalists.

Miss Lora Newman, who studied in Leipzig for three and a half years under the famous piano teacher, Leschetizky, and who recently returned to Canada, has decided to take up her residence in Toronto. An invitation recital that she gave early in the month at the house of Nordheimer elicited the most favorable comments as to her powers as an artist.

One of the most interesting facts in regard to "Parsifal" is that it converted Tchaikowsky to Wagnerism. Professor Anton Dorf writes in the Vienna "Zeit" regarding the great Russian: "Up to 1862 Tchaikowsky knew of Wagner's music only such fragments as are usually played in the concert halls. One would have supposed that a young man easily susceptible to new impressions would have been enthusiastic over the concerts which Wagner himself gave in Russia in 1863; but Tchaikowsky remained cool and sceptical. The "Lohengrin" prelude, in particular, which aroused the audience to an indescribable pitch of enthusiasm, made no impression at all on him. The same may be said of his experiences thirteen years later, when he attended the first Nibelung performances at Bayreuth. But the time came when he, too, was overwhelmed by the genius of the Bayreuth Meister. It was in 1886 that he became acquainted with the "Parsifal" music. He had only the vocal score, yet he was thrown into state of ecstasy, especially over the last scene of the first act."

Lilli Lehmann, who is 55, and therefore six years younger than Mme. Pati, is considered by many persons more remarkable. She has always sung very heavy music, has devoted hours to rehearsal, and was always an actress as well as a singer. Then she has sung a much larger repertoire of songs than Mme. Pati, who has confined herself largely to "Comin' Through the Rye" "Robin Adair" and similar parlor ballads. So it is considered remarkable that she should recently have sung Violinetta in "La Traviata" in Berlin and sung it very well. Mme. Lehmann, when she made this reappearance in opera, after years of retirement, committed an unprecedented extravagance. She spent \$1,500 for three new costumes, which, in view of her well-known prudence in money matters, astonished many of her friends. "You should have done that years ago, Lilli," said Paul Kalisch, her husband. "But you never would buy handsome costumes years ago. That was the time to have spent your money for dresses." "Ah, no, it was not," his wife answered. "I did not need them then."

Toronto may yet hear some of the "Parsifal" music, which is at present the talk of musical New York. I am informed that the New York Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, will go on tour in the spring, and will give special programmes, including selections from "Parsifal" and other Wagnerian works, with explanatory lecture recitals at the piano by Mr. Damrosch. A solo quartette of well-known singers will accompany the orchestra, and in several cities local societies will assist in the "Parsifal" selections. Here is a chance for Manager

Houston, or some other enterprising local impresario.

The Toronto Conservatory String Quartette opened their season on Wednesday evening of last week in a very promising way, so far as the rendering of the choice programme is concerned. The occasion introduced a new member of the quartette in the person of Miss Lois Winlow, one of our most distinguished Canadian violincellists. The young lady played with remarkable truth and purity of tone and intonation, and, moreover, with very neat execution. The notable number of the programme was the Beethoven Quartette, op. 59, No. 1, which I think I am justified in saying is an unfamiliar work here. At any rate, I do not remember seeing it included in any local programme before. The quartette played with smooth and sympathetic ensemble, and the general verdict is that they did much finer work than they revealed towards the close of last season. Other instrumental numbers were a part of Rheinberger's fine quartette for piano and strings, in which Mr. Napier Durand was the pianist. The post was filled with marked ability; Schubert's "Andante" from the quartette, op. 29, and a Largo by Van Goens for violoncello, by Miss Winlow. Miss Jaffray was the vocalist, and contributed several songs in her accustomed pleasing style.

Realistic storms in the orchestra seem to be the latest innovation in the theaters. On Monday night, at the first production of "The Earl of Pawtawket," at the Princess Theater, the orchestra played a nautical fantasia, introducing many of old England's favorite sea-songs. During the piece a storm at sea is depicted. At this point the auditorium was darkened, and at intervals weird flashes of electricity proceeded from the vicinity of the drummer, whose mock thunder was thus supplemented by imitation lightning. The audience evidently liked the experiment, as they liberally applauded Mr. Brancier and his musicians when the fantasia was finished.

Jacques Thibaud, the French violinist, seems to have made a conquest of both the New York and Boston critics. The Boston "Journal" says that his tone is always beautiful and perfect, and that it is long indeed since a violinist has been heard who united so much artistic elegance and symmetry, so much expressive art, so much technical command and such a peculiar but impressive personality. The "Transcript" says: "For surpassing loveliness of tone, variation of tone, purity of intonation, warmth, breadth and grace, perfection of phrasing and unfailing sympathy with every passing thought of the composer, Mr. Thibaud's playing of the Franck Sonata soars far above any single performance we have heard in a long time. Like Sembrich's singing of certain songs, it leaves one with nothing to say; one can listen and be grateful!" All this is high praise indeed, and musical people here will await with impatient expectancy the promised appearance of Thibaud in this city.

"A Country Girl," the musical comedy produced last week at the Princess Theater, proved to be one of the brightest, cleanest and most tuneful of the English musical plays that have been brought to Toronto for a long time. The greater part of the music is by Lionel Monckton, who contributed some of the most effective numbers of the "Geisha," and who is responsible for that taking and musing wistful tune, "Oh, Listen to the Band!" In concealed music Mr. Monckton does not shine, but he is very successful in making light and pretty songs, and attractive and often very graceful dance tunes. He displays these merits in "A Country Girl," and has produced a score which, although of slender texture, is distinguished by a refinement rarely found in comic operas of the past few years. That the public appreciated the work may be inferred from the fact that after the opening night the theater was crowded by approving hearers.

Fritz Scheff, the light soprano, who made a hit here when with the Grau Grand Opera Company, and who has been in starring in the comic opera "Babette," is to go on tour with her company. Among her leading supporters are Eugene Cowles, the man with the phenomenal bass voice; Josephine Bartlett, Lila Hawley, Louis Harrison and E. J. Connolly. The company may drift into Toronto during the season, in which case there will be a large number of her admirers who will be glad to welcome again the frisky operatic soubrette that Paderewski nicknamed "a little devil."

The Toronto Festival Chorus, under the direction of Dr. Torrington, have made satisfactory progress with the preparation of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," which they intend to produce in public this season. Owing to the demands made upon Dr. Torrington's time by the building of the new organ in the Metropolitan Church, it is probable that he will not be able to give his usual Christmastide performance of Handel's "Messiah."

The Women's Musical Club engaged the Kneisel String Quartette of Boston for a concert here on January 13. The Kneisels, who are now free and independent of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and have become specialists, may be expected to give even more finished interpretations of the masterpieces of classical chamber music than of old. The subscription lists, which will remain open till the 30th inst., can be signed at Massey Hall or at the house of Nordheimer. The Women's Musical Club have, with rare enterprise, brought the quartette to this city on two previous occasions, and one is glad to infer that they must have had sufficient encouragement to induce them to undertake a third concert.

The recital last Saturday afternoon at the Toronto College of Music was given by the pupils of Dr. Torrington. The programme was as follows: Piano, (a) Heller, "Study," (b) Dohler, "Study," (c) Sinding, "March Grotesque," Katherine Ellis; piano, Beethoven, "Sonata," No. 1, Elizabeth Westlake; Chopin, "Polonaise," C sharp minor, Eveline Ashworth; Chopin, "Nocturne," No. 5, Pauline Grant; vocal, Johnson, "The Hymnland," Ethel Cooper; piano, Beethoven, "Rondo," op. 26, Dolly Blair; (a)

Chopin, "Prelude," op. 28, (b) Henselt, "Si Oiseau j'Eats," Eugenie Maxwell; vocal, Denza, "May Morning," Nellie Ashton; piano: (a) Chopin, "Etude," op. 10, (b) Bach, "Gigue," Emma Barnard, CHERUBINO.

Companions in Misfortune.

THE heavy bundle of manuscripts fell with a thud through the capacious mouth of a letter-box in the neighborhood of Fleet street.

"It's good riddance!" observed the office boy, as he turned away with a cheerful air. He had poured many a hundredweight of rejected manuscripts into that particular receptacle, and would do so again. Perhaps that was why he was premature and confirmed cynic.

"Here are some more!" grunted a tanky packet at the bottom of the box. He was a lengthy disquisition on the fiscal problem, and had been traveling since June, his author being a man of great faith and infinite obstinacy.

"Oh dear!" cried a dainty missive in a pink envelope, faintly smelling of lavender. "What ever will become of me? I'm not used to such rough treatment!"

"You soon will get used to it, my dear," said her neighbor, a would-be humorous poem on "Free Imports." "That is, if you are half as bad as I am. I haven't a sound rhythm in me."

"I'm not very grammatical, I'm afraid," said the lavender-scented manuscript, "nor very original; but" (proudly) "I'm typewritten, and the lady who wrote me thinks that that's the chief thing. I'm all about a curate who fell in love with a vicar's daughter."

"You'll be accepted sooner or later if you're as silly as that," growled a package by her side. He was a really able and original article on a subject his author understood; but he needed revision and compression, and he knew it, having heard several editors say so. He was angry with his writer for not having taken more care with him, and with the editors for not publishing him in spite of it. But that was no reason why he should treat an innocent novelette with troubles of her own, so unkindly.

"The pathetic thing about me," said another, "is that I'm only my father's second child. His first he sold for fifteen shillings, and on the strength of it he's given up his situation and is going to get his living by literature!" It'll be an awful blow to him when I get home!"

"Cheer up, all of you!" laughed a domestic story, with a strong dramatic interest. "I've been knocking about for months now, and I haven't lost hope."

"My case is the worst," said a faded envelope. "The man who wrote me is nearly starving, and I was his last effort. The editor read me through twice before putting me in the D. W. T. basket. If my author had had a potted tomorrow instead of me, it would have put new life into him."

No one took much notice of this speech. Manuscripts are a selfish race, and have but little heed of other people's sorrows, however harrowing they may be.

A key rattled in the lock, and all the manuscripts shrunk into silence. The postman eyed the long envelopes with distaste, before cramming them into his already overloaded bag.

"They've been having a clearance, and no mistake!" he observed; and when, half an hour later, he deposited his burden in the G. P. O., he unconsciously plagiarized the office boy.

"Eric's good riddance!" he said.—London "Outlook."

The Tyranny of Noise.

SOME day, when the world has moved on many stages, some great thinker will startle it by crying from the housetops that that world has paid too dearly for civilization.

Science and art, so conveniently linked together in a phrase, are not the happiest of twins. They come together in the end, perhaps, and the world will be a very beautiful place when science has said its last word and laid its last stone. But the machinery of progress is ugly at the best, and there can be no doubt that the hand of man has not made the world more beautiful.

But the other day a great artist pleaded for the horse, that that noble animal almost the only touch of the country left to London, should not be driven from the streets; it makes so picturesque by a form of conveyance which, however great, may be its usefulness, has certainly not yet become a thing of beauty. In the making of cities, as in the making of men, there are qualities good and bad, and the first of all the articles in the creed of the town builder should be the beauty of the town.

The second should be its silence.

The next great campaign, said a great doctor, now dead, will be to abolish noise. When the campaign begins it will be held as great a civic duty to suppress noise as to suppress dirt. Some ingenious enemy of noise has found by scientific testing that at some street corners the noise of traffic is greater than that of a hundred drums.

It was Alphonse Daudet, if one remembers aright, who found the silence of London so impressive, and his eloquent description of the noiseless Strand almost makes one yearn for Daudet's death. The quiet London is a legacy which will be left, perhaps, to our children's children, who will walk through wide streets, among beautiful buildings, in an atmosphere free from smoke and unblended by fog.

But for us the noise of London is eternal, and we are almost proud of the workshop into which we have turned our streets. The Chicago editor was wrong when he wrote, on July 5: "Our city is the noisiest city the world has ever known. Our country is the noisiest country the world has ever known. Our age is the noisiest age the world has ever known. Yesterday was the noisiest day of the noisiest city of the noisiest country of the noisiest age in history." It was a picturesque Americanism. The noisiest city in the world is our own London, and the noisiest day will be—tomorrow.

The philosophy of noise is one of the things which has yet to be written, and some day a greater than Ruskin will write it. Carlyle had his notions on the subject, but his whispered protest was almost lost in the noise he made himself. "That which the world torments me in most," he said to a friend with whom he lunched one day, "is the awful confusion of noise. It is the devil's own infernal din all the blessed day long,

confounding God's works and His creatures—a truly awful, hell-like combination, and the worst of it is a railway-whistle, like the screech of ten thousand cats, and they eat of them all as big as a cathedral."

In this "devil's own infernal din" London lives from morn till noon, and from noon till night, and, soon, unless it ceases, the noise will drive us all from London, as it has lately driven a famous man from Fifth avenue after he had lived there not far short of half a century.

The battle against dirt is won—the world, however dirty, at least believes in cleanliness. The battle against smoke is being won, and smoky chimneys will go the way of bad drains. But the fight against noise is hardly yet begun.—London "Daily Mail."

The Motor Scowl.

One great deterrent to motor-cycling for women is that the strain on the nerves produces the motor-scool.—"Court Journal."

My friends have often asked me how I'm never motor now?

I fear to see upon my brow

The Scowl that Won't Come Off.

The Motor Scowl.

One great deterrent to motor-cycling for women is that the strain on the nerves produces the motor-scool.—"Court Journal."

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The Scowl that Won't Come Off.

The Motor Scowl.

One great deterrent to motor-cycling for women is that the strain on the nerves produces the motor-scool.—"Court Journal."

My friends have often asked me how

I'm never motor now?

I fear to see upon my brow

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My friends have often asked me how

I'm never motor now?

"If it's From Michie's it's Good"



No better Wines grace any table than those offered for your selection at Michie's, and there is variety to suit all tastes.

Port and Sherry

are favorite dessert wines and of these we offer a wide choice ranging from

\$1.00 to \$1.75 Bottle.

Michie & Co.

7 King Street West

Telephone Main 846

1904

CONTROLLER

1904

Your Vote and Influence Respectfully Solicited for the Election of

JOSEPH OLIVER

As Controller

Election, January 1st, 1904.

WARD No. 4.

Your vote and influence respectfully solicited for the Re-election of . . .

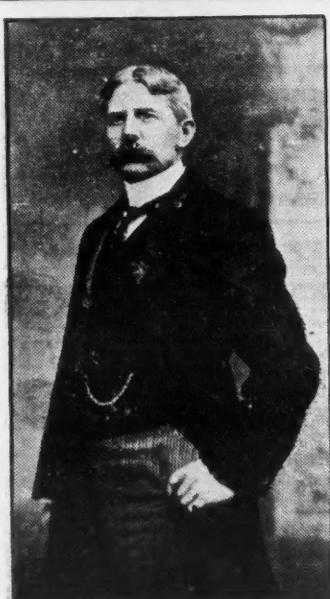
ALD. S. W. BURNS As ALDERMAN

for 1904.

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE ARE RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED FOR THE ELECTION OF

GEO. H. GOODERHAM
THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

Election New Year's Day.

**M. RAWLINSON**

Candidate for

Board of Education

1904-1905

A Man of Large Business Experience

W. H. SHAW

Public School Trustee.

Solicits Your Valued Support and Cooperation in his Candidature for the

BOARD of EDUCATION

their host and hostess next Wednesday.

The Harbord alumnae are giving a fancy dress dance on Tuesday, December 29th, in St. George's Hall, at 7.30 p.m. All members of the Harbord alumnae are invited, and each member is asked to wear a mask.

Mrs. J. Bolton Read is now settled in her new home, 208 Macpherson avenue, and will receive on the second and fourth Fridays in the new year.

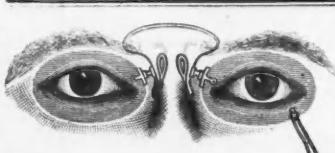
When everyone is distractedly trying to do ten things at once, and the small refinements of life are being sorrowfully pushed aside because of want of time for personal supervision, the hostess often sighs "to be two women." Next best to being two women oneself is to find an "alter ego" who will understand and carry out one's ideas and may be safely trusted with arrangements needing knowledge and taste. I have been moved to these remarks by the information that another Toronto lady has announced herself ready to undertake the decoration of dinner, luncheon and supper-tables (supplying for the purpose antique epergne, urn and candelabra), the writing of invitations, neat and careful packing of trunks, and general suggestions regarding entertainments. In New York and London several ladies have secured a large clientele and considerable income in such occupations. I trust that the lady who allows me to mention her enterprising departure (Mrs. Alfred Plummer of 63 Madison avenue) will have her hands full this season, and prove a comfort by her skill and savoir faire to many a busy and overstrained hostess. Mrs. Plummer may be telephoned to at her home.

Lady Minto's Appreciation.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming have the pleasure to announce that they have been honored with instructions from her Excellency Lady Minto to forward a "Gourlay" piano to Government House. The compliment is all the more highly valued as the instrument is for the personal use of her daughter, Lady Ruby Elliot, and came unsolicited, through their appreciation of the piano, one of them being in the music-room of an Ottawa friend where it came under the notice of her Excellency.

It is gratifying, indeed, to observe the recognition being won by the superior merits of Canadian-made instruments, as represented in the "Gourlay."

The pictorial excellence, originality and grace of the portraits by Mr. Henderson of Boston, which are to be on exhibition in Messrs. Roberts' art gallery, 51 King street west, commencing December 29, lifts them completely away from the commonplace into the realm of distinct art. An added interest is imparted to the collection by the presence of many portraits of socially prominent Canadians, among whom are the following: Lady Laurier, Sir Frederick and Lady Borden, Mrs. H. Montagu Allen, Mrs. Charles Meredith, Mrs. Berkeley Powell, Mr. and Mrs. James Ross, Mr. Fayette Brown, George E. Drummond, Rudolphe Forget, J. G. Adam, M.D., Mrs. George Cantlie and her children, Captain Bruce and Mrs. Carruthers, Mrs. Frank May and the Misses Clouston, Sutherland, Lindsay and Brown, and many others.

**Why not Eye-Glasses?**

They would make an exceedingly good gift for the New Year. You will not regret it if you bring your oculist's prescription to

CHAS. PJTTER Optician 85 Yonge Street

SHEA'S THEATER

Matinees Daily WEEK DEC. 28 Mats. 25 Evgs. 25, 50

Holdin's Manikins

The Most Perfect Mechanical Figures

Snyder & Buckley

Blair Wants a Drink.

Max Wellton Troupe

Wonderful Novelty Acrobats

The Dillon Bros.

The Pantomime

May Edvin & Fred Edwards

Presenting "A Bachelor's Dream."

Chas. Ernest

Blackface Comedian

Harper, Desmond and Bailey

In a New Coon Act

THE KINETOGRAPH

Presenting "Alice in Wonderland."

SPECIAL EXTRA ATTRACTION

Poettinger's Swedish Ladies' Quintette

In Native Songs and Dances

COMING?

If you are you'll say never enjoyed yourself so much before. Over one hundred Commercial Travelers take part in our Annual Entertainment in MASSEY HALL on the

29th

Don't forget the date, it comes on a

TUESDAY

Plan of reserved seats open at the Hall on the 26th.

General Admission, 25c. Reserved seats, 15 and 25 cts. extra.

**My Lady's Writing Desk**

Perhaps no piece of feminine furniture affords opportunity for such fine discrimination in the selection as a lady's secretary or writing table. It is of intimate personal nature as a dressing table, yet it is more in view to the visitor, and consequently more necessary to be "just right."

To make a proper selection it is therefore necessary to have a large range to choose from.

Ours is perhaps the largest collection in Canada and it has been selected with all the skill and experience this house can command.

We have mahogany desks and writing tables, plain and inlaid, some polished and some dull finished, some semi-circular and others oblong, scarcely any two alike in design, all very dainty, very pretty, suggestive of femininity in every line.

Writing Tables—\$20, \$21, \$39, \$40, \$76 and \$140.

Desks—\$10.50, \$18.50, \$25, \$42.50, \$52, \$66, \$70 and \$80.

Any of the above are suitable for bedrooms, boudoirs, dens or drawing-rooms.

Also a nice collection weathered oak pieces for dens or dining-rooms or libraries, one 44 inches long of quaint design and old-fashioned brass trimmings, with a wealth of nooks and drawers, \$44.50.

Many other beautiful pieces in this wood and finish especially suitable for libraries and dining-rooms, for \$15, \$17.50, \$22.50, \$28 and \$43.50.

John Kay, Son & Co., Limited

36-38 King Street West, Toronto

Cole's
719 YONGE ST.

Phones North 2004 and 2005 (Long-Distance)

Ices delivered New Year's Day**New Year's Cake****Short-Bread****Plum Pudding**

JENKINS' & ANTIQUES

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

The most Extensive, Varied and Original Collection of Presents in the City are to be found at our

Antique Galleries

COMPRISES—Old Sheffield Plate Jewellery, Fine Cut Glass, Candelabras, Old China, Ornaments, Dainty Furniture, etc.

These Objects of Art Form Original Presents Highly Appreciated by all, and we invite those in search of CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S GIFTS to pay an early visit of inspection.

B. M. & T. JENKINS

BRANCHES—Montreal, London and Birmingham, England.

422-424 YONGE ST.

PRINCESS THEATER ONE WEEK BEGINNING Monday, Dec. 28

MATINEES—Wednesday, Saturday and New Year's Day

First Appearance in Canada, Fresh From Her Five Months' Run at the Herald Square and Madison Square Theaters, New York, of the Distinguished American Actress

GRACE GEORGE

Supported by Robert Loraine and an Excellent Acting Company of Seventy Persons in

WM. A. BRADY'S

Superior Production of Frances Aymar Mathews' Play

PRETTY PEGGY

A Romance of Theatrical London a Century Ago.

LORA NEWMAN PIANO VIRTUOSO

Pupil of the world-renowned Liszt. Recently returned from Vienna. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. For dates and terms, etc., apply at Nordheimer's, King Street, or 278 Jarvis Street.

MRS. A. E. PLUMMER

63 Madison Ave. Telephone N. 1336.

Holiday tables decorated, invitations written. Trunks neatly packed. Orders taken for Christmas Puddings and Mince Meat.

Vogue

The Sh. rt Walets seen at the smart Receptions, Teas and other social functions are no longer the simple affairs of a few years ago, but artistic combinations of silks, lace, chiffons, etc., forming a charming ensemble.

Many of the most attractive that have lately been made for "King Edward" and other society events were designed and finished at our establishment. Our combinations are an infinite number of styles and cuts—some tailor-made and suitable for the Mademoiselle, others with flowing profusion of lace and trimming. To be in perfectfate, however, the style must be adapted to the figure and complexion, and we give the correct suggestions.

M. FRANKLIN
11½ Richmond St. West, Toronto
Telephone—Main 175

10 and 20 Per Cent. off on all Orders for
Balance of Season.
All Trimmed Millinery At Cost
MDE. JOAN BISHOP
MISS ALEXANDER
406 and 408 Yonge Street. Tel.—Main 3077

MRS. MEYER'S PARLORS

AT SUNNYSIDE

are again open for engagements to large and small parties. The floor is perfect. Luncheons first-class only. For terms address

P. V. MEYER,
1801 Queen Street West
Or 'Phone Park 905.

Geo. S. McConkey's
RESTAURANT
BALL, RECEPTION AND
ADMIRABLE ROOMS
Afternoon Tea....

Hurrah!
Davies Brewery Co.'s
Malt Beverages
So Pure So Mild
So Pleasant
Best in Canada!
Phone 5206 Main.
For sale by many stores and Hotels

LEMAITRE'S CELEBRATED Cold Cream
The most exquisite toilet luxury of the day. Imparts to the skin a delicate whiteness and velvety smoothness. Is
Cooling, Healing and Antiseptic
PROCURABLE ONLY AT Lemaitre's Pharmacies
142 KING STREET WEST AND 256 QUEEN STREET WEST
PRICE, 25c., 35c. and 60c.

FINE CUTLERY
Repairing and Sharpening Table Knives, Carvers, Scissors, Razors, Penknives.
'Phone M. 3697
Nicholson's Cutlery Store
80 YONGE STREET

CHINA PAINTERS

Mrs. J. B. Young
invites inspection of her importations of **White China** for decorative purposes.

Also . . .
Buttons, Studs, Brooches, Buckles
and other novelties and mountings for same.
Firing and Gilding Done.
Room 1, Medical Building
43 Richmond West. Mrs. J. B. Young

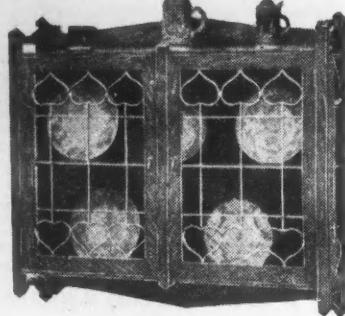
BONDS for the TRUSTED

Fidelity bonds for all persons in positions of trust. We issue them for officers and employees of all insurance companies, telegraph and secretaries of all descriptions. Write for particulars.

The London Guarantee and Accident Co.
LIMITED
D. W. Alexander, General Manager for Canada,
Canada Life Building, Toronto

ROGERS' FINE FURNITURE

Wall Cabinets and Plate Racks



A novel addition to our stock consists of a line of Wall Cabinets, Plate Racks and Book Shelves, in weathered oak and mahogany, some open, others with leaded glass doors. A more artistic bit of Furniture at a moderate price than one of these it would be hard to find.

No. 74—Plate Rack, in weathered oak, 41 inches wide by 18 inches high; net.....	5.50
No. 535—Book Shelf, in weathered oak, 36 inches wide by 18 inches high; net.....	5.25
No. 532—Book Shelf, in weathered oak, 36 inches wide by 18 inches high; net.....	5.50
No. 503—Wall Cabinet, in weathered oak, 34 inches wide by 23 inches high, with leaded glass doors; net.....	12.00
No. 508—Wall Cabinet, in weathered oak, 32 inches wide by 30 inches high, with leaded glass doors; net.....	17.00
No. 507—Wall Cabinet, in weathered oak, 38 inches wide by 15½ inches high, with leaded glass doors; net.....	12.00

Chas. Rogers & Sons Co., Limited
97 YONGE STREET

Holiday Greetings

Cook's wish their numerous patrons many happy returns of the festive season and a bright and prosperous New Year and trust to meet all their old patrons and many new ones in their cosy premises during the year 1904.

Cook's Turkish Baths
202-204 King Street West - Toronto

Steam Boiler Insurance

This class of insurance is the most important in that not only does a policy of this kind give the assured protection against the hazard of damage done by explosions, but also gives to the assured a sense of satisfaction that his steam plant is under the care of responsible

Consulting Engineers

who regularly inspect his boilers both internally and externally.

**The Canadian Casualty
and Boiler Insurance Co.**

with Head Offices at 22 Adelaide St. E., Toronto, make a specialty of this business, and keep an experienced staff of permanently employed engineers who are constantly working in the interests of their policy-holders—the saving of fuel, economic use of power, indication of steam engines. Specifications and plans furnished clients free of cost.

The most liberal policy and service in Canada. Engineers and firemen insured free of cost. Write for booklet to Steam Users.

A. G. C. DINNICK, Managing Director.

NORDHEIMER PIANOS.

Typify the piano perfection of the age and possess the tone quality that lifts them into a class by themselves.

NORDHEIMER PIANO AND MUSIC CO. LIMITED TORONTO
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES IN ALL LEADING CITIES IN CANADA.

WILDFLOWERS AND VIOLETS

THE LATEST PERFUME
JNO. TAYLOR & CO. TORONTO

Social and Personal.

The first of the indoor baseball matches between a nine selected from the ex-militia officers and nine officers now connected with the Toronto Garrison will be played in the Armouries this evening at eight o'clock. The young men who have the arrangements in hand have been most energetic, and have disposed of a great number of tickets. The ex-militia officers are Mr. McIaw, Mr. Fred Thompson, Mr. Bert Holland, Mr. Percy Brown, Mr. William Findlay, Mr. James Cross, Mr. William Trimmer and Mr. Jack Counsell. Captain Leo Cosby. The officers of the garrison who are

expected to compete are Captain Elmsley, R.C.D.; Captain Barker, Q.M.R.; Mr. Jack Meredith, Toronto Light Horse; Captain Charles Campbell, 48th Highlanders; Mr. Porter, R.G.; Mr. Drummond Mackay, R.G.; Mr. Orlando Heron, 36th Regiment; Mr. W. Henderson, 48th Highlanders; Mr. William Macneill, Q.O.R.; Mr. Norman Cosby, 48th Highlanders.

If you need a good laugh go to the Princess and see the "Earl of Pawtucket," the funniest man in town, and whose impersonation of a "deep-thinking, but not superficially clever" Englishman is a charming bit of character acting.

The Board of Education for 1904.

The Citizens' Education Committee has issued the following address to the electors of the city:

Fellow Citizens.—The election of the Board of Education on January 1, 1904, will be the most important event that has ever taken place in the educational affairs of our city. A radical departure is to be made in our system of school government, which may prove a blessing or the reverse to the highest interests of ourselves and our children according to the wisdom with which we as voters meet the crisis. There is, moreover, little doubt that the experiment about to be tried in Toronto will, if successful, give form and direction to the future educational methods and systems of our whole province and country.

By act of the Legislature the Public, High and Technical School Boards, aggregating sixty-seven members, representing various sectional interests, are to be superseded by one small board with twelve members, elected by the city at large.

The new board will have charge of \$2,000,000 worth of the citizens' property; the expenditure annually of nearly \$700,000 of the citizens' taxes, with the extraordinary power of unlimited increase; the education of 37,000 pupils, and the work of over 700 teachers. It

will have to provide in the Public schools a sound primary education, and map out for the higher schools such commercial, technical and classical courses as shall be adapted to the needs of an important and progressive community. Its duty will be to see that the fullest opportunity is afforded to the child of the poorest equally with the child of the richest citizen of Toronto to obtain not only a thorough primary education, but an equally thorough one in these higher branches.

In these circumstances a special and weighty responsibility rests upon us all as voters. The character of the first board will largely determine that of future boards. For the wise and economical administration of such large financial interests we need men of large practical business ability and experience, public spirit and undoubted integrity. Above all, to the parents of Toronto the educational interests of their children are too sacred to be entrusted to any but the most capable hands.

The Citizens' Education Committee has been formed to assist their fellow-citizens in securing the best Board of Education obtainable—first, by endeavoring to bring out candidates worthy of so high an office; and, secondly, by enquiring into the merits of the various candidates offering themselves, and recommending such as they consider best qualified. It is, of course, impossible for each individual elector in this large city to ascertain for himself the merits of all the candidates, and the advice of a body of his fellow-citizens, whose only desire is to serve his highest interests, should be of some value in helping him to decide.

The committee was appointed at a public meeting, openly called and attended by all classes of the citizens, so that it is citizens' committee in the fullest sense. Its recommendations are made on the ground of merit alone, and with absolute freedom from sectional, political or any other kind of bias.

The committee would have been glad to be in a position to submit for nomination the full number of twelve names.

As this has been found impracticable, they have the honor and pleasure of recommending for the votes and support of their fellow-electors the undermentioned six candidates, who they feel confident will worthily serve the public and educational interests of the city on the new board.

On behalf of the committee,

John Potts, Chairman.

E. Stevens, J. Macdonald Oxley, secretary.

The Commercial Travelers' Association concert on the evening of the 29th inst. promises to be the event of the season. Humor and good music will pervade everything. The most enjoyable evening's entertainment is promised to all who take this event in.

Friend—Your new heavy villain seems adapted to the role.

Theatrical Manager—Yes. He can pronounce the word "revenge" with fourteen r's and look it with thirty.



A Clean House for New Year's

is the verdict in Bonnie Scotland. There would be "nae luck about the house" all the year if filth germs were allowed to reign supreme on this great holiday.

Remember there is nothing like a "Boeckh" Brush.

Your dealer can sell you

BOECKH'S Brushes and Brooms

SPECIAL SUNDAY EVENING SERMON
By Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A.
Unitarian Church, Jarvis St.

Dec. 27th—The New Thought of Prayer and Worship.

Unitarian Literature Free.—Address, Secre-tary, 308 Jarvis Street.

ONLY VENTILATED MATTRESS



FIT FOR A KING!!

"The Marshall Ventilated" is the only perfectly SANITARY COMFORTABLE SATISFACTORIAL MATTRESS IN THE WORLD

It is a Royal Bed within the reach of every one. Send for descriptive circular.

The Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co.

239 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

Factories—Toronto, Chicago, and London, England.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births

Van der Linde—At 101 Tyndall avenue, on Tuesday, December 22nd, the wife of Harold van der Linde, of a daughter, Peters, Dec. 20, Toronto, Mrs. George A. Peters, a daughter.

Van Nostrand—Dec. 12, Toronto, Mrs. Arthur J. Van Nostrand, a daughter, Grant—Dec. 16, Richmond Hill, Mrs. Jan. A. Grant, a son.

Alexander—Dec. 21, Toronto, Mrs. Thomas Allen, a daughter, Walton—Dec. 20, Toronto, Mrs. W. R. Walton, a son.

Marriages

Walker—Somerville—Dec. 13, Buffalo, C. E. Clifford Walker to Irene Somerville.

Grant—Wade—Dec. 16, Orillia, Frederick

Grant to Constance Massey Hope Wade. Gundy—Herholdt—Dec. 19, St. Louis, Mo., Sam—Bradley Gundy to Virginia Bradford.

Sherbrooke—Anderson—Dec. 16, London, Ont., William E. Sherbrooke to Helen E. Anderson.

Knight—Thompson—Dec. 16, Guelph, Percy Knight to Marion F. Thompson.

Tucker—At his residence, 163 Pearson avenue, on December 19th, 1903, James A. Tucker, assistant editor Toronto Saturday Night, aged 32 years, passed away in a place from Parkdale C.P.R. Station on December 21st for Owen Sound.

Boyce—Dec. 15, Toronto, James Henry Boyce, late of the Italian Government Service, died at his home, aged 65 years.

Blanchard—Dec. 17, Toronto, William D. Blanchard, aged 49 years.

Rowand—Dec. 21, Toronto, Margaret Kincaid Rowand, aged 81 years.

Thomson—Dec. 17, Emily Jane Thompson, aged 82 years.

Smelle—Dec. 16, Hamilton, John Smelle, aged 75 years.

**W. H. STONE
UNDERTAKER
YONGE 343 STREET**
Phone—Main 932

**J. YOUNG (Alex. Millard)
The Leading Undertaker
Phone 679.
359 YONGE STREET**

RAILROAD TRANSPORTATION.

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR**

HOLIDAY RATES

Territory Between all Stations in Canada, Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Sarnia, Windsor and East, also to Detroit and Pt. Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Susp. Bridge and Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Rate and Single First-Class Fare for the Round Trip Limit

Single First-Class Fare and One-Third for the Round Trip. Good going Dec. 24th and 26th valid returning until Dec. 30th, also Dec. 31st and Jan. 1st, valid returning until Jan. 4th, 1904.

Single First-Class Fare and One-Third for the Round Trip. Good going Dec. 23rd, 24th and 25th, also on Dec. 30th, 31st and Jan. 1st, valid returning until Jan. 5th, 1904.

For tickets and all information apply to Agents.

J. D. McDONALD,
District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, APRIL 30 TO DECEMBER 1, 1904.

For Christmas and New Year's Vacation

will issue return tickets.

At Single First-Class Fare, good going Dec. 24, 25, valid for return until December 31, 1903, Good going December 31, 1903, and Jan. 1, 1904, valid for return until January 4, 1904.

At First-Class Fare and One-Third, going December 23, 24 and 25, and December 30, 31, 1903, and January 1, 1904, good returning until January 5, 1904.

Between all stations in Canada, Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Detroit, Mich., and East, and T.O. but NOT FROM Buffalo, N.Y.

Through transcontinental train leaves Toronto at 1:45 p.m., daily for Winnipeg, Moose Jaw, Calgary, Banff, Revelstoke and Vancouver.

First-class Sleeper, Toronto to Winnipeg and the Coast. Unexcelled dining car service.

A. H. NOTMAN,
Ass't Gen. Passenger Agent, 1 King St. E., Toronto.